

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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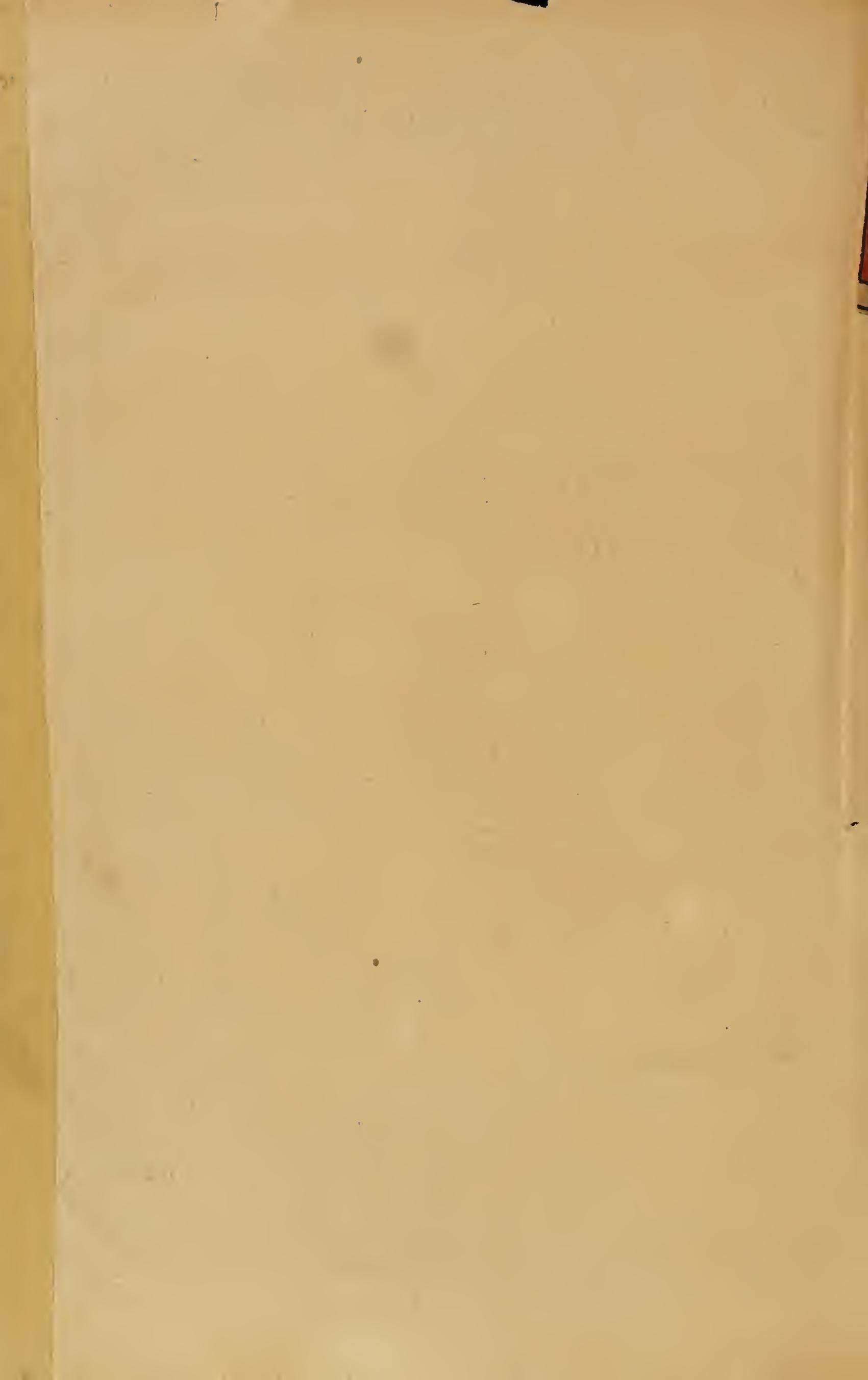
KIT CARSON, JR.—IN THE WILD SOUTH-WEST; DR. THE SEARCH FOR A LOST CLAIM.

AND OTHER STORIES.

By AN OLD SCOUT.



"Tlasco," he cried sternly, "call back your dogs, or you shall die. I've got the drop!" Unheeding the dangerous muzzle of the revolver, the young Apache chief swung his hatchet aloft, and made a savage blow at Kit.



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Kit Carson, Jr., In the Wild Southwest OR, THE SEARCH FOR A LOST CLAIM

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—The Story of the Lost Claim.

Everybody has heard of the famous Kit Carson, the peer of all Western Indian fighters and scouts. His exploits are recorded in dozens of thrilling volumes. But not everyone knows that the celebrated plainsman had a son, a handsome, dashing, fearless young fellow, who inherited all the best traits of his famous parent, and who, with the same opportunities, would no doubt have become fully as famous. But Kit Carson, Jr., was daily emulating his father and winning laurels in the far southwest, the land of the deadly Apache and the treacherous greaser, where perils were as multifarious and the field fully as large as that occupied by the senior Carson, and which has now been reclaimed by civilization. To depict some of the most thrilling experiences of the young scout is the purpose of this story.

Upon a warm June day, across an alkali plain in Southern New Mexico, there toiled a pack train of mules and horses. The mules carried bundles and bales, articles of camp furniture and mining outfits. The horses, six in number, carried riders, five men and one female. The latter was an unusual sight in that part of the country. Indeed, she would have been remarkable even in the crowded ballroom of aristocratic society, for her beauty was something beyond description. But it was indeed seldom that woman had the temerity to brave the hardships and perils of this rough region. Hester Clark, though, was a girl of more than ordinary courage and resolution. Potter Clark, her father, had been a wealthy broker in Chicago. With the coming of the financial panic he had suddenly found himself reduced to poverty.

"I can never retrieve my lost fortune!" said Potter Clark, sadly, "but I will make a legitimate effort to at least gain a competence for my darling child, my Hester."

"But how will yo' do dat, sah?" asked Peter Black, his colored valet, a faithful fellow, who had served him many years.

"I have one hope!" said the broker, slowly and thoughtfully.

He took from a drawer of his desk a deed and a map, with a plan drawn upon the back of it. He studied it a moment, and then said:

"This is the only heritage I can leave Hester if I were to die to-morrow!" he said. "It is a plan and map of a rich gold claim in the Tres

Tesauros Hills, in Southern New Mexico. Gold is there galore. It can be dug out of the earth in huge nuggets."

Peter's eyes bulged.

"Yo' don't mean dat, sah!" he gasped. "Suah dat would be good enuff fo' Missy Hester."

"Yes, or for any one, if they were sure of it."

"Suah ob it, sah?" asked the colored servant in amazement. "Why amn't yo' suah ob it?"

"A very good reason," replied Clark. "Fifteen years ago Bill Dane and I were prospecting in those hills. We came upon the claim and mapped it, and deeded it to ourselves. While thus engaged we were attacked by the Apaches."

"Injuns, sah?"

"Yes; poor Bill was killed. I escaped to a Mexican settlement near. I then fitted out a party to return to the claim. I searched for it for two years, spent all my money, and could not find it."

"Couldn't fin' it, sah?"

"No; it is a lost claim, Peter. And yet, I see no reason why it should not be found. There is doubtless something wrong about the maps we drew. I think to-day I could find it."

Pete's eyes were shining like diamonds.

"Why don' yo' try it, sah?"

"I am going to!" cried Clark, forcibly. "It is my one hope. I must find the lost claim. I cannot die and leave Hester dependent upon the world's cold charities."

But when Hester Clark heard of the project she declined being committed to the tender mercies of a boarding school until her father's return.

"I am going with you, father," she said, flatly.

"But—nonsense, child!" spluttered the broker. "A woman can't travel in that country. There are no Pullman cars nor fine hotels. It is a hard place, I tell you."

"Look at me, father!" said Hester, emphatically. "Do I look as if I was made of sugar or salt?"

"Well," admitted the old man, "there's a littla more of ginger manifest just now. But think of riding horseback —"

"Oh, delightful!" cried Hester. "I shall surely go! It is settled!"

And as usual she had her way. The fond old parent yielded. The party was quickly made up. And this is how we find them upon this beautifu

June day toiling across the alkali plains en route for the Tres Tesauros, or Three Treasure Hills. Besides Hester and her father and Peter Black, there were three accomplished plainsmen, Bill Haines, Buck Carter and Seth Moore. They had enlisted with Mr. Clark at Fort Gaines, a military outpost, not more than three hundred miles away. For weeks the party had worked its way slowly across the rough country. There had been no dearth of thrilling adventures, of critical skirmishes with the red foe and lively encounters with thieving Greasers. But they had come out thus far top of the heap. The deadly repeaters and unerring aim of the three plainsmen had told heavily in their favor. But there were times when these lawless men got under the influence of drink that Potter Clark was afraid almost to trust them. Hester had enjoyed every feature of the expedition.

She rode fearlessly and gracefully and was a good shot with a light rifle or a revolver. Indeed, she proved the bright light of the party and was evidently able to stand as much fatigue as any of them. Hester looked forward eagerly to the finding of the "lost claim." Had she realized or could she have foreseen the terrible experiences to accrue from the enterprise she must have trembled. But when the time came to meet them she did not flinch. It was a saying of the plainsmen that "not to see an Apache was a sure sign that he was near." So it proved in the present case. Far before them extended the beautiful mesas. Upon every hand was mesquite and the yucca and clumps of Spanish bayonet, the common flora of the region. Far to the southward were the mighty peaks of the Mogollon range, one of the grandest in the Southwest. Beneath the sage brush the jack rabbit crouched, ready at the approach of the party to bound away like a literal ball of cotton. In distant clumps of chaparral the howl of the coyote was heard. Over all the New Mexican sun beat down with scorching intensity. The party were making for a canyon which led into the heart of the mountains which ranged to the northward. Potter Clark reined in his mustang beside Buck Carter, and said:

"Those hills look strangely familiar to me. It is possible that they are Tres Tesauros."

"Sh?" grunted the rough plainsman, as he flicked a gad-fly from his pony's ear. "Do ye think so, pard? Waal, that's luck fer us!"

"Indeed, yes, if I am not mistaken. Yonder is the divided pine which was lightning blasted, and—by my honor, do you see a bright spot away up there on that angle of the mountain wall?"

Buck Carter dropped an oath.

"I kin!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "An' I'm a busted pilgrim, if it ain't the striped blanket of an Apache!"

"So it looked to me. Ah, but see! It is gone!"

This was true. The bright spot of yellow and red color upon the mountainside had vanished. It was indeed the blanket of an Apache; the owner had seen fit to get discreetly out of sight. The spot where the Apache had been seen was not far from the canyon and the instant thought of an ambush came. The party instantly came to a halt. The pack mules were hastily driven forward, and camp was made in the shade of a

clump of cacti. It was decided to reconnoiter before venturing into the pass.

It was an ancient and generally successful trick of the treacherous aborigines to decoy travelers into just such a trap as this mountain canyon, and then descend upon and massacre them all. All was now great excitement in the prospecting party. There was no reasonable doubt but that an ambuscade had been planned, and was in waiting for them.

"But they don't work it!" chuckled Buck Carter; "it'll take sharper practice nor that to catch this chicken napping. I reckon that's the work of Tlasco, or the White Whirlwind."

"The White Whirlwind?" exclaimed Clark.

"Yas, didn't ye ever hear tell av him afore?"

"No."

"Well, he's said to be a son of old Cochise, the wust 'Pache devil in Arizony. But he's more treacherous an' bloodthirsty than his father."

"A son of Cochise!" exclaimed Potter Clark with interest. "Then he is a foe to dread!"

"Waal, you kin bet!" exclaimed the plainsman, sententiously. "I'd rather meet old Cochise any time. It would be a blessing to New Mexico if somebody could slit the gizzard of that young demon, Tlasco."

Then Black shivered and jerked his thumb toward Hester, who sat upon her mustang a few yards away.

"It would be terrible for her if she she'd happen to git into ther hands of that fiend. Wimmen an' children are special objects of his revenge."

Potter Clark drew a deep, hard breath and his face was ashen. He gripped his rifle stock harder and said:

"That shall never happen while I live!"

"Same hyar," growled Buck. "But we might all on us pass in our chips afore long, an' it's best to be on ther safe side. 'Tain't no kind of a kentry fer wimmen, anyway."

Clark was disposed to agree with his guide, but at that moment a sight caused some consternation in the party. Out from the canyon there rode a number of horsemen.

CHAPTER II.—The Parley—Kit Carson, Jr.

That they were savages could be seen at a glance. A dozen in number they were and well mounted. Each carried a long lance and upon that of the leader was a white pennon. The horse he rode was also as white as driven snow.

"The Apaches!"

"They are coming to attack us!"

"Ready, all, for a fight!"

There were at first excited cries. Perhaps the coolest of all was the negro valet, Peter Black. He gazed scornfully at the approaching foe and grunted:

"Huh! Wha' fo' we be afraid ob sich a handful ob Injuns as dat? I done fink we gib dem all dey want."

But Buck Carter said:

"It mought be well ter be ready fer 'em, though I reckon it's a flag of truce. But they're mighty treacherous and uncertain, them fellers are!"

"Who is that young chief on the white horse?" asked Potter Clark.

"Thet," said Buck, with a peculiar shiver, "thet's him, the chap I wuz tellin' ye about."

"The White Whirlwind?"

"Yas."

Every moment now the truce party drew nearer. Potter Clark watched the movements of the leader with interest. The famous young chief was as handsome and lithe as an antelope and rode his spry young mustang like a Centaur. Even at that distance Clark could see all this. Buck went out with a flag to meet them. When one hundred yards from the mining train the savages drew rein. Then the White Whirlwind leaped from his mustang and boldly stalked forward on foot and unarmed. He greeted Buck Carter with a haughty nod of the head and then swept a critical glance at the caravan. As he did so every person in the party of whites was able to get a good square look at the famous young Apache. That he was no ordinary savage was quite apparent. Tall and broad-chested, he was a magnificent specimen of the athlete. His features were more regular and handsome than the average, but there was a hard, cruel light in his eyes which inspired one with instant distrust and fear. This young chief had made his name a synonym of terror throughout the entire Southwest border. Hundreds of most atrocious crimes were placed to his credit. He was said to practice the most refined of tortures upon his prisoners. He addressed Buck in the tongue of the greaser.

"Tlasco greets his white brother," he said in a purring tone; "he comes without arms. He is a friend."

"My red brother speaks well," replied Buck. "I reckon he hunts the antelope and ther ba'r, but not fer his white brother's scalp."

Tlasco gave a perceptible start and his snaky eyes glittered.

"My white brother shall come to the rancheria of Tlasco. He will be welcome."

"Whar is yer rancheria?" asked Buck, bluntly. Tlasco pointed to the hills.

"There is deers' meat and mescal," he said; "he shall feast and be happy, for Tlasco loves peace."

"His overtures are friendly and his words fair," whispered Clark.

"But he's a consummate, treacherous liar," retorted Buck. "He kain't fool me, yew bet! I say, Injun," to Tlasco, "what hev ye got yer war bonnet on fer? That don't look like peace."

But the young chief was not in the least disconcerted.

"My people are at war with the Pimas," he said; "we do not fight the paleface."

There was a shade of truth in this. The Pimas were a friendly tribe, and for this reason the deadly foe of the Apache. But Buck was not to be deceived.

"All right, Injun," he said, gruffly; "we will take yer word fer it. As long as yer let us alone we'll let you. See?"

Tla co' eyes gleamed.

"Ther paleface will not come to my rancheria?" he asked.

"Naw, I reckon not," replied Buck, coolly;

"we'll wait till we get better acquainted. Hain't got no more time to talk."

But the young chief had not seemed to hear these remarks. He was standing with a devilish light in his eyes, regarding an object not fifty yards distant. This was Hester Clark, who had ridden in from the eastern prairie upon her mustang, and now regarded the party of savages with some surprise and interest. She made a charming picture as she sat there upon her horse. It was this fact which caused Tlasco to gaze upon her with a different expression on his face. There was a terrible, murderous, baleful light in the young chief's eyes, and Hester caught it. With a shiver she slid out of the saddle and went to her father's arms, for he had gone forward to meet her.

"Mercy, father!" she whispered. "What a dreadful, wicked-looking Indian! He means us no good."

"But he shall do us no harm, my dear," said Clark, reassuringly. "His protestations are quite friendly."

A short while later the conference ended. Tlasco solemnly assured the party that they should not be attacked in the pass. But Buck Carter shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly.

"Probably that red sarpint thinks I'm trustin' him," he said; "but yew kin bet I'd sooner trust a rattler in my boson."

The other plainsmen agreed with Buck. The plans were discussed. It was finally decided to remain in camp where they were for a number of days. Then just when the Apaches least expected it the move forward would be begun. The spot was not a bad one to remain in. There was a water hole near and plenty of succulent grama and bunch grass for the stock. So the mules were unsaddled and tethered and the tents spread. Soon the little camp was well settled down. Nothing was to be seen of the Apaches, but Bill Haines shifted his quid and declared:

"Tain't no sign they ain't out thar an' sizin' us up tew. By jinks, I wouldn't risk my ha'r out yender fer a picayune!"

Peter Black was now ill at ease and would mutter:

"I don't see de sense ob stayin' round yer. Dey will be jes' as apt fo' to tackle us next week as to-day. Dis chile done fink we had bet-tah get back mighty lively for de fort once more."

"You see, Peter, we are in hopes that the savages will get tired of waiting for us to make the pass and go away," said Mr. Clark. "Again, it is more prudent to wait here until we have learned exactly the position and numerical strength of the foe?"

"Ain't got nuffin' mo' to say, sah. Spec's it am a'right if yo' sez so."

And Pete went about his duties in a cheerful manner and apparently greatly resigned to his fate. But perhaps the most uneasy member of scurried away over the grassy plain with Peter became exceedingly restless. A week slipped by and nothing had been seen of the Apaches since White Whirlwind's visit. One day Buck and Bill Haines ventured into the hills upon a scouting tour. They returned safely with the reassuring declaration that "Injun sign" was lacking.

"I reckon they've gone down to the Moqui

KIT CARSON, JR., IN THE WILD SOUTHWEST

snake dance twenty miles below here," declared Buck. "It's jest our time to slip through the hills afore they git back."

So it was decided to make a break the next day and preparations were made accordingly. For days Hester had been compelled to remain idly in camp, not even being allowed to take a ride upon her favorite pony beyond the confines of the camp. But with this report brought back by the scouts she was inclined to rebel.

"Now, father, the danger is over," she pleaded. "Pray let me take a little gallop. There is a fine herd of antelope over there, and I am dying for a shot at them. Peter will go with me, won't you, Peter?"

"Deed I will, missus!" replied the black. "I go anywhere wif yo'!"

Hester was an excellent shot with a rifle. Buck Carter was consulted and he decided that it would be safe.

"Be careful and don't get too near the foot-hills," he declared; "keep in ther open an' in sight of camp. I reckin ye'll be all safe."

Hester was overcome with delight at this privilege and was soon ready. She mounted and scurried away over the grassy plain with Peter riding behind her. Hester rode fearlessly and well. Approaching the antelope in the shade of a clump of mesquite, she was able to get within range of them. In the excitement of the moment and overcome with the exuberance of her feelings she forgot caution. It did not occur to her once after that that there was any danger of falling in with Apaches. Peter, who had always been a skeptic on the Indian question, ventured only once or twice to remind his young mistress of danger. But she laughed so lightly and passed it off in a joking manner that old Peter felt a trifle abashed and said no more. Drawing aim at the distant herd of antelope, Hester fired. She was a good shot, but something distracted her aim, and she missed the mark. A cry of disappointment escaped her lips, and she turned to Peter excitedly.

"I missed him!" she cried. "How stupid! And he was such a beauty. But look! There they go over that ridge. Ride, ride, and turn them and I will cut them off over that swell of land yonder. I can get a splendid shot there."

"But, missy—" began Peter.

"Go, I tell you! Go! There is no time to lose! Will you go?"

Peter would have gone through fire and brimstone after that command, and giving his horse rein, away he went over the ridge. He reached the verge of a long line of chaparral, when he saw that the antelope had already changed their course. He drew rein in surprise.

"Dat am queer!" he muttered. "Dey am goin' dreckly back! Golly!"

Peter nearly tumbled from his saddle at that moment, as suddenly a horse and rider burst from the chaparral close beside him. The old darky reached for his holster, but a sharp, stern voice cried:

"Hands up! I have the drop!"

A revolver covered Peter. Upon a coal black horse sat a youth of athletic build and remarkably handsome features. He wore a suit of buckskin and a sombrero, and long black curls fell down over his shoulder. Only for a moment did

he hold the drop on Peter. Then he lowered the weapon and, laughing, cried:

"I beg your pardon, stranger. I took yer for a greaser. I am Kit Carson, Jr.; who are you?"

Peter's face lit up as he saw that the other was a friend.

"Golly fo' glory, sah!" he cried, joyfully, "I done fo't dis chile was done fo'. I fo't yo' was an Injun, suah enuff. Yas, sah, I'se glad to meet yo'. I'se Peter Black, sah, an' my marse he am Mr. Potter Clark, sah, ob Chicago."

"Then you have companions?" asked Kit Carson, Jr., with a sudden startled look. "Where are they?"

Before Peter could answer a shrill, terrified scream came over the prairie swell. It was a woman's voice.

CHAPTER III.—A Captive—To the Rescue.

The sound acted like magic upon Kit Carson, Jr. He wheeled his horse as if upon a pivot.

"What was that?" he cried, sharply. "A woman's voice. Who was with you?"

A fearful wave of terror surged over old Peter's soul. He gasped:

"Missy Hester. Oh, fo' de lan' sakes, don' say she hab fallen into de han's ob de Injuns!"

Kit Carson, Jr., waited for no more. He embraced the situation in a moment.

"Come, Trixey," he said, lifting the rein, and away went the black steed like a whirlwind.

Over the rise and then there was a view of the chaparral line and the plain. The antelope were gone, but Kit Carson, Jr., saw horesmen to the number of a score making for the hills. They were too far distant and too strong in number for single-handed pursuit. Yet the young scout's blood boiled, and he was tempted to pursue them. A riderless horse was careening over the plains. Hester Clark was a prisoner in the power of the Apaches.

"She is gone," muttered Kit Carson, Jr., with white lips. "My God! I wonder who she is? I pity her!"

Then his eyes flashed like stars.

"She must be saved!"

He turned upon Peter, who was nigh crazy with the horror of the moment.

"Who is she?" he asked, sharply. "Tell me all?"

"She am Missy Hester," replied Peter in agonized tones. "Oh, massy sakes, what will Marse Clark do now?"

"Where are the rest of your party?" asked Kit.

"Ober yonder, sah. Dere am Marse Clark an' de odders. Dey am huntin' fo' a lost claim, sah."

"Hunting for a lost claim!" exclaimed Kit, with interest; "here, my man, lead me to your camp, and on the way tell me all."

"But Missy Hester—"

"She can't be helped just now. I will try and rescue her later. They will probably hold her captive."

And on the way to camp Peter told the story of the affair to Kit Carson, Jr., who listened with interest.

"I know Buck Carter well!" he declared. "He is a skilled plainsman. Ah, here we are!"

They came suddenly upon the little camp. At their appearance everybody was startled and came rushing forward.

"Peter, you scoundrel!" roared Mr. Clark, with pallid face. "Where is Hester?"

"Golly, Marse Clark," gasped the negro, "she am done gone—"

"Gone? My God! What do you mean? Gone? My Hester gone?"

For some while Clark was like a maniac. It was an agonizing thing to know that his darling child was in the power of the Apaches.

"She is lost—lost!" he groaned. "Oh, why did I let her go? I should have known better. Hey, to horse, everyone! Give me my rifle. She must be saved, even though I give my life to do it."

But a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder and a handsome, resolute young face was before him.

"Peace, good sir," said a subdued and reassuring voice. "I know your sufferings and sympathize with you. If your daughter can be saved, I will save her!"

Kit Carson, Jr.'s, manner was so earnest and so confident that it acted like magic upon the frenzied father. He became suddenly calm.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, huskily.

"Every word of it. I am familiar with every phase of Apache character. I do not say it with egotism, but if there is a man in the Southwest who can rescue your daughter from the White Whirlwind. I am that man."

For a moment silence reigned; then Buck Carter came forward.

"Right!" he cried. "If Kit Carson, Jr., can't save your daughter, then I reckon she's sartinly lost."

New hope dawned in Potter Clark's breast. He listened to the plans now outlined by the young scout.

"Any apparent move into the hills to rescue her will hasten her fate," declared Kit, firmly. "The Apaches are strategists, and the only way to beat them is with strategy."

"But your plan—"

"You are to remain right here."

"Ye gods!" gasped the agonized father. "You wouldn't put me in hell!"

"No; you must be patient. Now I think I can find the rancheria of Tlasco. To-night, after the darkness is intense, Buck Carter and I will ride out of this camp. You must remain here until we come back, if it is a month. When we come we will bring your daughter, or news of her fate. It is your only hope."

Reluctantly the distressed parent consented. Kit Carson, Jr., instantly became a favorite in the camp. As planned, that night at a late hour Kit and Buck Carter rode out of the camp with the hoofs of their ponies muffled. Like silent shadows they galloped into the hills. They spoke not, but rode silently for hours, Kit leading the way. They were invading what was almost equivalent to the jaws of death. They knew the ~~rock~~ well. After a time Kit drew rein and sat for some moments silently regarding a distant tall peak outlined against the night sky. Buck sat beside him and finally ventured to whisper:

"What is it, Kit?"

The young scout pointed to a spur of the mountain and replied:

"Do you see that high ridge?"

"I reckon I do."

"Well, to cross that is the riskiest thing a white man can do. It is into the very heart of the Apache den. Yet one of us must do it."

"I will go, pard," said Buck, eagerly.

"No," replied the young scout, decidedly, "that is my privilege. But you can court just as much risk in another direction if you choose."

"How?"

"Take a tour over the western wall of the mountain, and into the valley beyond. No matter what you find, or what you see, come back and meet me here upon this spot to-morrow night."

Buck nodded his head.

"Ah, I see! A reconnoisance, I reckon?"

"Yes, in part. It is better for us to part now. If I don't get back here at the appointed time, why—you may know that I am dead."

Buck Carter shrugged his shoulders, and laughed in a peculiar way.

"I mought say ther same!" he declared. "Howsumever, I'll be here if I'm alive ter-morrer night."

"Good! Take note of everything you see in the valley over there. Don't get into a scrimmage. Get the lay of the land. I think we can then better tell what to do."

"All right, Kit. You kin depend on me. Ah, what's that?"

A sudden bright shaft of light shot up from the side of the distant peak. It was visible only a moment. Then it disappeared.

"A signal fire!" whispered Kit.

"Do ye reckon that concerns us?"

"I can't say. Time will tell. But we must dally no longer. To-morrow night, remember."

Kit Carson's lithe, black pony sprang away in the gloom. Buck Carter vanished from the spot at the same moment. Kit Carson rode fearlessly toward the distant signal light. It wavered a few moments and then went out. Hours later he surmounted the mighty rise. Beyond all was blackness. But far down in a long valley there gleamed lights. The young scout drew a quick, sharp breath.

"It is the rancheria of Tlasco," he muttered. "No doubt she is down there."

But how should he effect her rescue? This was a problem. The young scout knew that he was even at that moment in the most deadly of peril. The gloom about him might conceal deadly foes; in fact, even as he sat there upon his horse he heard the distant murmur of voices. For hours Kit edged his way down into the valley. It was his great desire to get near enough to the rancheria to, if possible, locate the prison place of the fair girl captive. But whatever direction he took, he was yet hemmed in by the savages, whom he could hear all about him. Signal fires blazed quite near him. Peril was upon all hands. And at length the gray light of dawn came. Kit saw no alternative but to hide in a clump of madroño and mesquite and wait for darkness to come again. So he hobbled his pony in a little arroyo and waited for the day to pass. It was just past noon, and he was wondering what luck Carter was having on the other side of the peak, when a startling thing happened. Suddenly there was a rustling in the mesquite branches near, and Kit turned to behold a thrill-

ing sight. There, just emerged from the foliage, was an Apache buck. He had stumbled upon Kit by accident, and so amazed was he that for a moment he did not move. Then upon the air went a wild yell of discovery. It was answered from above, then an arrow cut by Kit's ear.

The young scout acted as if by instinct. Quick as a flash he fired at the Apache. The fiend rolled forward dead. Kit knew there was no time to lose. In an instant he was upon his horse's back and riding like had over the ridge. This brought him into the open, and he saw a score of mounted forms after him. In their van was a white pony and lithe, graceful rider. Trixey was speedy, but in a flash the white mustang was alongside. Kit Carson, Jr., looked into the cruel, brutish face of Tlasco the White Whirlwind, who was riding with uplifted tomahawk.

"Paleface surrender," gritted the chief, "if not he die!"

Kit looked the chief coolly in the face and drew his trusty revolver.

"Tlasco," he cried, sternly, "call back your dogs or you shall die. I've got the drop!"

Unheeding the dangerous muzzle of the revolver, the young Apache chief swung his hatchet aloft and made a savage blow at Kit. The latter, realizing that it was to save his life, fired at that easy range.

Kit's shot wounded the Apache on the head. He was rendered insensible. Kit dismounted and placed the Apache on his horse. Then he set out over the hills. Entering a dark cavern, he placed the Apache upon the ground. He then went out to see if there were any of his enemies about. When he returned, to his astonishment, the Apache chief was gone. Kit was dumfounded. He now set out to hut up his friend Buck Carter. Mounting a ridge he looked off upon the plain and saw a party of Indians, and in their midst, and a prisoner, was Buck Carter. To rescue his partner was now Kit's determination. He followed the Indians and soon was fired upon from ambush by an Apache. Kit returned the fire and killed the savage. He now took off the Indian's clothing, donned it himself and then set off upon the trail. He finally caught up with them. They were encamped and Buck was bound to a tree. Kit crept up stealthily and released him. Then the two stole silently away without being discovered. They traveled over the plain for some distance and entering a defile they suddenly came upon an Indian encampment. They decided it must be Tlasco's. While they were undecided what would be the next move, they were surprised by a score of Indians springing from the underbrush and surrounding them.

CHAPTER IV.—In the Power of Tlasco.

Kit Carson, Jr., and Buck Carter were in an exceedingly precarious position. Their lives did not seem worth a straw. It would have been an easy matter for the Apache foe to have overwhelmed and butchered them upon the spot, but fortunately this was not their purpose. To capture their foes alive and torture them afterward is the delight of the Apache. So they did not

use weapons in attacking the two entrapped scouts. In a twinkling they were upon them like wolves. A short, sharp struggle followed. In the darkness neither Kit nor Buck could use their weapons to advantage. They were overpowered and bound. They were hopeless prisoners. The realization was a most horrifying one. To be thrown thus into the power of Tlasco was awful to consider. But they were given little time for rumination upon the matter. Through the narrow defile into the Apache camp they were led. Their reception was the occasion of a fete and dance which lasted until morning. The camp of the Apaches—or rather the rancheria—was an immense one. Several thousand of the tribe had teepees of hide and bark covering a large space. Beyond was a fertile valley covering fully a thousand acres, and it was planted with mescal and corn and other vegetables dear to the palate of the Apache.

This valley was hemmed in so completely by the hills that its presence could hardly be suspected by the ordinary explorer of the hills. Squaws and braves, children and dogs crowded about the prisoners, who were bound to stakes within a circle of firelight. The savages were dancing about them in the greatest of glee, when suddenly a tremendous shout went up. They parted right and left. Into the firelight flashed a milk-white pony and rider. The latter was a magnificent specimen of a young Apache chief.

"The White Whirlwind!" gasped Kit, as he exchanged glances with Buck.

"We are up for it," rejoined the plainsman, with a sickly smile. "Me mought as well say our prayers, pard."

"Not yet," said Kit, resolutely. "There's many a slip, as the old saying goes."

The young scout had kept his eye out for some sign of Hester, the girl captive, but if she was in the Indian camp, she was confined in some one of the teepees and was not to be seen. Tlasco regarded the two white prisoners with malevolent joy. He leaped from his white pony, and while his eyes flashed he faced them.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, gutturally. "My white brothers have fallen into the trap. Theirs is not the foot of the fox or the scent of the wolf. They are easily corralled."

Stung by this taunt, Buck Carter retorted: "Even the panther gets entangled in ther cacti. I reckon if we've been stupid we ain't afeard of ther consequences."

A sneer played about the young chief's mouth.

"Who has heard of Tlasco fears his tortures," he said, hissing. "My white brothers shall beg for mercy at the feet of the White Whirlwind."

"Never," said Kit, with flashing eyes; "do your worst, you red scamp. We defy you!"

Tlasco ground out a Mexican oath and pulled a keen knife from his girdle. He advanced and with thumb and forefinger pinched the cuticle upon Kit's bared breast. Then with a flashing movement of the knife, he flayed it, leaving a scarlet wound and a bitter sting. There was an instant's twinge of Kit's face with the deadly pain. But only for an instant. Then his features were as immobile as those of the most courageous devotees of the sun-dance. Not for his life would he have betrayed his agony to his red foe. Tlasco's wolfish gaze was full upon

him. The Apache chief grunted as he saw the fortitude of his victim.

"My white brother feels the sting!" he gritted. "He shall beg!"

"Never!" gritted Kit.

The chief took Kit's ear between his thumb and forefinger. One moment the knife flashed, and it seemed as if he was about to carry out his fiendish purpose. But for some reason he desisted and stepped back, sheathing his knife.

"Not yet," he muttered. "To-morrow in the council. Take him away, braves, and guard them well."

Both white men were led to a teepee and placed under guard. There they remained until day-break. In vain they tried to break their bonds or study up some plan of escape. They were closely watched. Daylight found the Apache village in a state of great excitement. The torture of the prisoners had been announced, and from near and far the savages had gathered for that purpose.

"By jimecracks, Kit," cried Buck in dismay, "it looks as if we had got our last call! But I reck-in we kin show ther dogs how ter die!"

"We must not die!" said Kit, grimly. "There must be a chance for us to escape, Buck!"

"Kin yew name it?"

"I think I can devise a plan!"

"By beavers, that's ther way tew talk! Let's try it!"

Kit had been doing some solid thinking. He was quite conversant with the Apache tongue and had overheard some talk made by them outside the teepee. He had learned that it was the purpose of the red foe to give the prisoners the death ride, which was considered the rarest form of sport in the category. In this ceremony the prisoners are bound, sometimes two upon a pony, and set free in the midst of the yelling horde of mounted Apaches. These latter are armed with lances, and at every turn jab them into the unfortunate prisoners as they try to ride for their lives out of danger. There is a remote, extremely remote, chance that they may make an escape. Not until they are literally riddled by the lances do the red fiends let up in their torture. Moreover, the points of the lances are short-tipped, so that no fatal wound can be dealt; at least not until loss of strength and blood has completely prostrated the victim. This is called the death ride and is an extremely popular form of torture among the Apaches, for the reason that it prolongs the lives of the victims and gives the young braves of the tribe chances to show their superior horsemanship and skill with the lance. Kit conveyed to Buck this information, and the plainsman was horrified. He grew a shade paler.

"I tell ye, we're done fer, Kit," he declared. "We mought as well make up our minds tew pass in our chips. I'm satisfied."

But Kit Carson, Jr., was not the one to give up so easily. His active brain had soon devised a desperate plan. At an early hour in the morning the prisoners were led from the teepee, and the ponies they were to ride were brought out. In a few seconds they were placed upon their back and lashed to them. Then the spirited little animals were held in check. Down the narrow valley the mounted Apaches were ranged in

squads, so that the doomed riders might not by any adventure escape. One advantage only was given the riders. They were allowed the use of their arms and the bridle reins. If they could steer their ponies skillfully enough to elude their red foe, then they might effect an escape. But this would seem almost impossible. But Kit Carson, Jr., had resolved upon a daring and desperate move. The word was given. The Indian boys who held the ponies gave them a stinging lash with their rawhide quirts. Away they shot like a whirlwind.

"Keep close behind me, Buck!" yelled Kit; "do just as I do!"

The plainsman mechanically obeyed. It had always been the custom to attempt to evade or run away from the red foe down the long plain, with the howling mob in pursuit. But Kit did not adopt this plan, which he knew was just what the savages wanted. He suddenly veered his pony to the right, and straight into a thong of the squaws, who were there as witnesses of the affair. The trick was so unusual and so utterly unexpected that the Apaches were for the time taken by surprise. The squaws were hurled right and left by the charging ponies, and a tremendous commotion was the result. Then, with maddened yells, the Apaches came charging up the valley. But the prisoners were riding like mad straight for the narrow canyon, which led out of the valley. If they should reach it safely, they would have made one long step toward escape.

CHAPTER V.—The Gold Claim Found.

Meanwhile those left in camp—Clark and his valet, Peter Black, and the two plainsmen, Haines and Moore, had become very impatient. They wondered why Kit Carson, Jr., and Buck Carter did not return. They waited for another day, then set out for the hills. They entered a canyon and proceeded some distance. Suddenly shots sounded from all quarters and they perceived the savages firing at them from both sides of the canyon walls. Luckily Peter discovered a cave-like entrance at one side, and they all crept into it. They soon realized they were caught like rats in a trap.

The appalling realization of the four adventurers, Clark, Haines, Moore and Peter Black, was enough to hold them speechless for some moments. Clark was the first to recover. He drew a deep breath and said:

"Let us explore the place and see if there is another opening."

The Apaches had ceased firing. Evidently they smelled a mouse and were even now investigating. There was no time to lose. At any moment they might attempt to invade the cavern. Bill Haines turned and began to climb up the lime rock passage. It trended upward and so steeply in places that it was difficult to climb up. It was easy enough to understand how the passage had been made. It was no doubt the action of water trickling through the lime ledge. It would seem reasonable that there should be an outlet from above, where the little stream entered the ledge. But of course it might not exist and the water may have percolated from numerous small

veins about. In that case the passage would soon come to an end. Then they would be caged indeed. But the further they went now the larger grew the passage, and they became encouraged. Soon there was a gleam of daylight ahead, and Peter Black shouted joyfully:

"Golly, Marse Clark! - We'se done come to de end ob it all! We'se sabed!"

"We're out of it, I reckon!" cried Bill Haines, while Moore, the stoical, grunted a gratified assent.

But Clark pushed on and soon had emerged from the cavern. Its mouth was the bed of a dry stream which, in its swollen season, descended from a plateau above. A fringe of madrono or mountain mahogany hid this from sight for a time. But finally the party came out in full view of the plateau. The very moment this was done Clark gave a startled cry. His eyes flashed with a fever light, and his face heightened in color.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "I am familiar with this spot. Yonder by that mesquite clump Bill Dane and I camped. Found at last! Heaven be praised, the lost gold claim is found at last!"

The effect created by this declaration can hardly be understood or described adequately. For the time forgotten was all else by the excited gold seekers. It was but a short distance to the claim, to which Clark led the way. There were evidences of gold galore. Almost every pebble was a small nugget, and great veins of the precious metal traversed the face of the canyon cliffs. It was only necessary to sift the sandy soil in one's hand to see the shining particles therein. It was the richest sort of a mine. The lost gold claim was found. The ignis fatuus of many miners, that which had been regarded now as a fable, had been rediscovered and by the original discoverer. Potter Clark's sensations can hardly be described. Already he saw himself reinstated as the money king of the Chicago bourse and all the old luxuries restored to him. He breathed a fervent prayer.

"Now I may leave my darling daughter well provided for," he muttered, and then went no further. A terrible, keen, poignant memory came to him and wrung a wail of horror from his heart.

"Oh, my Heavens!" he gasped. "She is lost to me! My darling Hester! What is all this gold to me without her? Why should I tarry here when she is in need of my help? God help me to rescue her!"

Peter Black, as well as the others, had been prospecting. The darky's eyes bulged like moons as he picked up some of the golden nuggets.

"Golly, but amn't we'se gwine to be rich!" he cried exuberantly. "I done fink we am de luckiest people in all' de world!"

Bill Haines and Seth Moore were interested, but it was the first time they had had a like experience. Many a time they had come upon signs of gold in the great Mogollon range, but it was in the heart of the Apache country.

"This ere's ther best claim I've cum acrost yet!" declared Haines. "Eh, Seth?"

"I reckon ye're right," replied the non-committal plainsman.

"Ther old man thar is quite excited over it, ain't he?"

"Waal, what good'll that do him! Haow is he goin' tew work this ere claim. It's likely this gold will stay yer, safely enough till every condemned Apache in this kentry is cleared out."

"Yer right."

The two plainsmen thus were intensely skeptical as to the good of the claim. There was no doubt in their minds of the enormity of the treasure, but of what value was it if it could not be carried away? There certainly was logic in this. But Mr. Clark now came hastily toward them. His face wore half an expression of gratification, but overshadowed with anxiety and keen anguish.

"Well, Bill," he said, quickly, "we have found that claim."

"Yes," replied Haines, "but what good will that do us?"

"Why not?"

"Holy smoke, this ar region is alive with ther red varmints. I reckon they'll never let any of us take it away."

"I think we can bring a big enough force here to stand them off."

The plainsman shook his head.

"This ar place is so peculiarly sitiuated that they kin shut an army up here and lick 'em tew pieces."

"Well," said Potter Clark, with the air of one who was not wholly convinced, "that is a matter we can leave for future consideration. The question which completely absorbs my mind now is the safety of my daughter."

"Kerect!" cried Haines. "That is the thing tew look after now. I reckon she's got tew be saved."

"Then let us push forward. We can mark this place now so that we may be sure to find it again."

"Yew bet!"

But before either could speak again a thrilling thing happened. The distant crack of a rifle was heard and Peter Black sent up a yell of agony.

"Golly fo' glory! I'se shot, Marse Clark! I'se done killed!"

The darky was dancing around and holding onto his arm spasmodically. In a moment Clark and Haines were by his side.

"Are you hurt, Peter? Pull off your coat! Lively, for we are exposed here."

The darky's arm was stripped. But the bullet had merely gashed the flesh a trifle and the wound was not serious. At once Haines gave orders to fall back to the cover of some mesquite near. No time was lost. For the foe were close at hand. They seemed to literally swarm down upon the plateau. For a time it seemed as if the white men were all hemmed in. But Haines saw a break in the mountain wall.

"Quick!" he shouted. "Let us make fer thet side of ther range. We've got tew make a runnin' fight!"

And this was done. As fast as possible the party loaded and fired at the pursuers, thus keeping them temporarily in check. Thus the gap in the mountain was reached. Here, by some skillful work upon Bill Haines' part, their trail was destroyed, and they eluded their pursuers. All day long they toiled on through the wilds. Then darkness began to shut down. They camped

upon a narrow shelf of the mountain cliffs and congratulated themselves upon a successful escape. But Haines said:

"Don't ye ever believe that because ye don't happen tew see ther reds that they ain't all about us. We've got tew be mighty keerful."

Some hours later, when night had shut down over the little camp, Bill said:

"Cum out yer, Mister Clark, an' I'll prove yer a thing or two."

Clark followed the scout out upon the cliff. Far across the deep, dark valley was a high peak.

"Jest ye watch that a bit," said Haines, laconically. "See what yer'll see."

"A light!" exclaimed Clark.

A light burned upon the peak. Soon another sprung into existence upon another peak. In a very short while a dozen of these fires were blazing at various points.

"We think we are safe hyar," said Haines, "an' a green horn would say thar warn't an Apache in forty miles. But that tells ther story."

"Signal fires!"

"Sartin! They know we're somewhere in this ere region, an' if we ain't moughty keerful they'll locate us pooty quick, ye kin bet!"

"Then had we not better adopt precautions?"

"Yew bet."

When they returned to camp, all that was possible was done to make their positions secure. No fire was kindled, and each took turns holding guard through the night. Several times they believed that they were discovered by the foe. But each time it was a false alarm. Daylight came again. It was a clear, beautiful morning, and after a meal upon venison the party pushed forward again. They hoped to either come upon the retreat of Tlasco or some trace of Kit and Buck. The latter, however, were believed to have fallen victims to the red foe. For two hours they traveled through the roughest of country. Ther they came to a long, narrow, green-carpeted valley in the hills. While walking rapidly along, suddenly the clatter of hoofs rang out and a shrill neigh arose upon the air. Turning in a startled manner, all believed the Apaches upon them. But a single riderless pony was coming toward them. It was as black as a coal and as handsome as a picture.

"Great Jericho!" gasped Bill Haines, "if it ain't Kit Carson's pony Trixey!"

CHAPTER VI.—The Escape.

Well did Kit and Buck realize the importance of outriding their red pursuers in that mad attempt at escape from the death ride of the Apaches. To escape the torture and gain their liberty was their purpose. And this they seemed likely to do. Straight through the gathering of squaws they had madly dashed. The upper end of the valley was at the moment unguarded. Kit reined his horse apart from Buck's, shouting:

"Ride for your life, Buck!"

"Yew dew ther same!"

"Ye; I think we had better split. We will meet when we get out of the canyon."

"All right!"

The purpose in thus keeping apart was to, if

possible, divert pursuit and force the savages to also split. It worked very well. And now they were close upon the canyon. A moment more and they would surely reach it. Bullets came flying thick and fast. One cut the fringe of Kit's hunting shirt upon the shoulder. Another grazed his cheek. But fortunately none of them did any bodily injury. Buck escaped as well. The ponies had been galloping madly over smooth ground. Now the general nature of the ground changed. It became rougher, and it was necessary to steer clear of many boulders and heaps of rock. Of course this gave the Apaches a chance to momentarily draw nearer. But before they could take advantage of this the fugitives were in the canyon.

Like mad they dashed through this. All the while they were trying to loosen their bonds. Buck did succeed finally in getting his limbs free; but not until after they had cleared the canyon did he succeed in assisting Kit. Into a clump of mesquite they dashed. There was no time to lose. As they were about to descend into the rocky region below, it was useless to think of taking the ponies. Buck dropped from his horse and rushed to Kit's side. It was but a moment's work to loosen the Indian knot. Kit slipped down from the pony's back free. They had succeeded in their daring attempt at escape thus far. But their position was by no means of the most encouraging. They were without weapons, and with a gang of Apaches close upon their heels. The quickest of work was necessary. It did not look as if they were likely to effect the rescue of Hester Clark right away.

"Come on, Kit!" cried Buck, as he leaped from the mesquite and down the ledge. "We've got ter make time!"

"They are hot after us."

"Yew bet! I reckon we won't save that gal this trip."

"I'm afraid not!"

Down over the ledge they dashed. The Apaches yelling above now told the story of their finding the abandoned ponies. But the two scouts soon had eluded pursuit, as they believed. It was later in the day that they came to a section of forest through which flowed the limpid waters of a river. Here they sank down, overcome with their exertions, and glad to seek a rest.

"Whew!" gasped Buck. "I was never so tired in my life, by thunder!"

"Same here!" agreed Kit.

It was decided to here recuperate before going further. It was believed that they had outwitted their pursuers and were for the time safe. They slaked their thirst in the waters of the stream. Then beneath the cooling shade of some medrono trees they reclined and sought much needed rest. So exhausted were the two souls that they slept soundly, for how long they never knew. But when aroused finally it was in a startling manner. Kit was the first to be awakened by a curious prescience of evil. In an instant he was wide awake, and as his startled gaze roamed about the medrono grove he was horrified to see a crouching panther-like form not twenty feet distant creeping down upon him. It was a murderous Apache, and in his gleaming teeth he carried a keen-bladed hunting-knife.

That he meant to surprise and murder the

sleeping white men was certain. Kit for a moment was paralyzed. Then he recovered instantly and made sudden action. With a yell of alarm he was upon his feet like a flash and upon the astounded Apache like a thunderbolt. His yell aroused Buck, who instantly sprung up only to see four of the savages rush out of a thicket. What was a singular fact, none of these savages had firearms, or even bows and lances. They were armed only with knives. But they outnumbered our two white men almost three to one. Kit Carson, Jr., knew well that all depended upon quickness of action. He was upon his red foe so quickly that the latter had hardly time to ward off the attack.

He made a terrific slash at Kit, but the young scout warded it off, and quick as lightning grasped the savage's wrist. At the same moment he wrenched the knife from his grasp and struck him a terrific blow with his fist between the eyes. The Apache went down stunned. Then Kit turned to meet his other assailants. They were three in number. Murder was in their flaming eyes, and the young scout was never in a more desperate situation in his life. Three to one were odds which were not to be easily overcome. But he did not yield to any sense of fear.

Without hesitation he acted. One of the Apaches sprang upon him. There was a brief, terrific wrestle. The knives clashed in mid-air. But Kit was the quickest to act, and buried the knife in his foe's vitals. It was a deadly stroke. But the other two savages were upon him. The struggle which followed was terrific. There was a crescendo of flying knives, the air seemed filled with strokes and thrusts and parries. In vain the savages tried to get over the young white trapper's guard. He was an expert with the bowie and fought coolly and skillfully. But after a time his strength began to wane.

Then it rapidly began to look as if the red foe were sure to win unless succor arrived. Buck Carter could give him no aid, for he was engaged in a terrific and novel battle. One of the Apaches had been a giant. This fellow had attacked Buck and a fearful wrestle followed. Buck succeeded in disarming his antagonist, and it became a question of physical superiority. Over the green-sward they rolled and plunged into the limpid waters of the river. Here they were swayed by the current, and a terrific struggle for mastery followed.

Locked in each other's embrace, each strove to force the other beneath the surface. The savage had a grip on Buck's collar and the latter was aiming for his throat. The Apache, however, gained the upper hand and that moment would have been Buck's last but for an unexpected intervention. A quick sharp report rang out; a rifle ball penetrated the brain of the Apache. Buck floated on the current, and gazing ashore, beheld a thrilling spectacle.

There upon the river bank stood Potter, Clark, Haines, Moore, and Peter Black. They had appeared on the scene in the nick of time. Kit Carson, Jr., was also nearly overpowered when the bullets ended the career of his foes. Soon all were exchanging congratulations. It had been the arrival of Trixey among their friends that had saved the two scouts.

A plan was now hastily formed whereby Kit was to separate from his friends and creep upon

Tlasco's camp in the endeavor to rescue Hester Clark. Kit soon took the trail and succeeded in locating the camp of the Apaches. He stealthily approached it near enough to discern the wigwam Hester was in and was lucky enough to approach the back of it unseen. Drawing his knife, he cut a slit in the back and then, looking in, saw the girl sitting on a pile of skins. She looked up as she heard the noise and saw him. He made a motion to her to keep quiet, which she did. He asked her if her name was Hester Clark and she replied in the affirmative. He informed her he was there to rescue her. But just then who should enter the wigwam but Tlasco himself. He saw Kit and was wild with rage. Kit challenged him to fight with knives for the release of the girl. The savage hesitated a while and finally consented. Both of them were to go free if Kit won the battle. The chieftain stepped out of the wigwam and summoned his warriors to witness the fight. The battle was soon on, but Kit after a fierce combat suddenly sent the chief's knife whirling through the air. The chief, according to custom, bared his breast for the final thrust, but Kit declined and gave him his life, whereupon Tlasco said: "You are free to depart with the white maiden to the camp of your friends."

CHAPTER VII.—A Happy Reunion.

The chief was as good as his word. Kit and Hester were safely escorted out of the valley by way of the canyon. Then, in a cleft in the mountain wall, Tlasco called a halt, and, indicating a forest path which led down the mountain, he said:

"Follow that and you will soon be with your friends. You need not fear my braves."

Kit took Hester's arm to assist her over the rough places. Then they struck out down the path. Tlasco and his warriors had instantly vanished. The young girl was now a trifle weak and faint from the reaction of nerves and the fearful mental strain. A halt was therefore made by the side of a cooling spring, and here she was refreshed with the reviving liquid. With a shudder she said:

"Oh, you cannot know what a terrible experience that was for me. How thankful I am to be once more free."

"Indeed, I can imagine what you have suffered," said Kit sympathetically. "But you are out of it now."

"Thanks to your bravery. Oh, I shall never be able to repay you."

"Indeed, I am repaid already," said Kit gallantly. "The consciousness of having performed a service for you is more than a reward. It is great joy."

Without intending to be effusive, Kit had conveyed a sentiment which brought a vivid blush to the young girl's face. She glanced at him askance, and in that moment she saw how really handsome and noble he was. She drew a quick breath. What young girl of her temperament is not susceptible to the admiration of such a noble specimen of young manhood as Kit Carson, Jr.? Their eyes met. Hester blushed deeper than ever, and Kit felt at that moment as if he could wade through lakes of Indian gore for her sake.

It was the first kindling of the spark which sooner or later is bound to burn brightly with the unquenchable fire of love.

"Had she come into this wild western country to find her fate?" Hester thought. But a chilling fear that perhaps the admiration was wholly upon her side made her suddenly tacit and reserved.

Leaving the spring much refreshed, they now climbed on over rough ground for something like a mile. The battle between the whites and the Apaches had seemed to lull, but every now and then a distant rifle shot guided Kit. Night was close at hand, and Kit realized the necessity of rejoining their friends before intense darkness should shut down. Hester had undergone much for the past few hours in the way of excitement and nervous strain, and was beginning to feel it very seriously. At times Kit was obliged to pick her up in his arms and carry her over any obstruction in their path. But he was strong, and he did not feel the light burden at all. Rapidly now they pushed on, and suddenly, just as the deep shadows were falling fast, Kit saw a light.

"It is the camp!" he cried. "Hurrah! We shall soon be there!"

This spurred Hester on to fresh exertion, and soon Kit gave a hullo which was answered. Then forms were seen coming toward them through the gloom. Excited voices were heard, firebrands blazed up, and a hoarse cry from the depths of a joyful man's soul went out on the night air.

"My daughter, my own Hester, safe once more!"

The meeting between father and daughter was such as brought tears to the eyes of those who observed it. Then both turned and Mr. Clark fairly embraced Kit.

"We owe all to you," he cried. "Rest assured we shall never forget it."

"Do not speak of it," said Kit heartily. "I was indeed glad to serve you. It was my pleasure."

"You have a despairing father's everlasting gratitude. I will refuse you nothing."

"That is all right," said Kit brusquely, "but there is another matter which must claim our whole attention now. We are in deadly peril."

"Ah, say you so."

"Your daughter is now restored to you, but the last words of Tlasco were that he yet had us in a trap and that we could not escape."

"By the great heavens! I'm inclined to believe he's right!" declared Buck Carter, with emphasis.

"I reckon we're in a bad box!" chimed in Bill Haines. "Yer see, we hev ventured pooty deep into these hills to git into the Whirlwind's camp!"

"Is it then as dangerous as that?" said Mr. Clark, with pallid face.

"It'll be a tight squeeze. We must fight hard and long."

"I care not for myself," said Clark, with set lips. "Oh, Hester, I would that you had remained at home. I fear the worst for you."

The young girl's eyes flashed, and she cried:

"Do not fear for me. There is no peril I will not share with you, my father. Indeed, I will fight with you. Give me my rifle. I am a good shot, and you shall see that I will no longer be an incumbrance."

Her words were brave and created an impression.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Clever Ruse—Betrayed.

"Spoken like a brave girl!" cried Mr. Clark heartily, "but I fear your zeal exceeds your strength, my daughter."

"True, I am only a weak woman," declared Hester, "but still I can shoot and you shall see what valiant service I can do!"

Before the conversation could be carried further, however, Peter Black broke in with a sharp cry:

"Golly fo' glory, Marse Clark, jes' look at de likes ob dat!"

All gazed in the direction indicated and beheld a thrilling spectacle. From one of the mountain peaks outlined against the murky sky there blazed a shaft of flame. It mounted upward in pyramid shape and was a striking spectacle. For fully a minute it burned and then was extinguished.

"A signal fire!" cried Buck Carter.

"They mean bizness, I reckon!" cried Bill Haines. "Cum on, Buck! Cain't we read some of them 'ere signs?"

"We kin try it," agreed Buck.

So the two scouts fell to interpreting the signal fires, which were really an alphabet system by which the savages sent messages to various parts of the region about. In a very few moments they had learned enough from them to afford a startling disclosure.

"What do you make out of it?" asked Mr. Clark, when they had come back. Buck Carter shook his head.

"It's a hard outlook," he declared. "They air all about us and drawing the lines closer every minit. They mean to jest hem us in and swoop down on us at ther fust favorable moment, an' that will be ther finishing of us."

Kit Carson all this while had been sitting silently upon a log near. From his position he could also see the signal fires. At these words of Buck Carter he started up and listened intently. The plainsman turned to him and said:

"Kit, my boy, what do ye advise? Kin ye see any way out uv ther scrape?"

"Yes," replied the young scout promptly.

His reply created a sensation. Instantly all pressed nearer, eager to hear the young scout's plans. Among these was Hester herself, whose lovely eyes flashed brightly, and showed plainly the confidence which she had learned to place in Kit Carson, Jr.

"Waal," exclaimed Buck sententiously, "thet's ther kind of talk we like. Spout it right out, lad. What d'yer say?"

"There are two camp-fires burning here," said Kit. "Build another large one. Put on heaps of wood!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Buck. "Ther reds will locate us to a dead certainty then!"

"That is just what I want," declared Kit. "You must follow my instructions implicitly and without fear or else my plan will fail. But do not do this unless you are willing to put your lives in my hands!"

There was a momentary hush. It was a fearful critical moment. But yet there was not one in the party who did not have full confidence in Kit Carson, Jr. Buck Carter finally said:

"What say ye, friends? I fer one am in favor of doin' jest as Kit says. Is it a vote?"

The reply was unanimous and hearty. Kit caught Hester's shining gaze fixed upon him, and he experienced a thrill of pleasure.

"I will do my best," he said modestly. "First build up the fires."

This was quickly done. Then in a few words Kit more explicitly stated his plans.

"While the fires burn," he declared, "they will believe us here. But we must be somewhere else. If fortune favors me, and we are shrewd and careful, I think we can make such change of base in the dark as will enable us to throw the foe off the trail entirely. It will at least be a long step towards getting out of this trap, and it is the only one, so far as I can see, which it at all feasible."

"Kerekt!" cried Buck Carter enthusiastically. "Ye hev got it right, Kit; we'll do ther best we kin tew carry out yer plan."

Of course there was a large amount of risk in Kit's plan. It was groping in the dark, with the excellent chance of at any moment stumbling upon the foe. But even in that case the whites would stand fully as good a show in a fight in the dark as the savages. At least, it seemed safer to move under the cover of darkness. Moreover, if the party were to await for daylight, it was likely that they would be hemmed in by such a weight of numbers as would preclude any possibility of an escape even with the most desperate fighting. That this would be Tlasco's plan was certain. Moreover, what show could a handful of men stand against a thousand savages whom the White Whirlwind could easily mass.

Kit's plan was, if possible, to get out of the pocket they were now in and make the tablelands of the Tres Tesauros Hills. Here he believed that a stand could be made in the region about the lost claim until a large force could be brought from settlements below and eventually force the Apaches from their possession of the region. He realized the necessity of giving Tlasco a hard blow. But the present exigency was what claimed all his attention now. Every detail suggested by Kit was quickly and silently carried out. Then the party noiselessly stole into the woods, leaving the fires burning to deceive the red foes as long as possible. The mules and ponies which carried the effects of the party were safely corralled in a pocket of the Tres Tesauros. To reach this point was now the main purpose. Silently as possible the little party of whites made their way through the forest. Kit Carson, Jr., led the way. It was all familiar ground to him. The utmost caution was employed.

Every step was carefully considered, and at times the whole party would remain motionless at the snapping of a twig which might indicate the proximity of a red foe. Thus a mile was covered. Kit now knew that they must be in the Apache lines. It was necessary to proceed even more cautiously than ever. That the Apaches formed a literal cordon of camps about the valley was certain. If the whites could simply get through this cordon the rest would seem easy.

But to do this without coming in contact with the foe proved impossible. Suddenly there was a rustling in the bushes, a guttural grunt, and then a stunning report. The air was instantly filled with mad yells, dusky forms swarmed everywhere. They were in a literal hornet's nest.

Kit Carson, Jr., realized the terrible crisis fully, and instantly sprung to Hester's side. He was ready to defend her with his life, and she was his first thought. It was a moment of dreadful peril and uncertainty, and the fortunes of the little party seemed doomed.

CHAPTER IX.—Once More Captives.

To attempt to adequately depict the situation of the little party of whites in that moment of discovery by the Apaches in the inky blackness of the valley forest would be impossible. Kit had almost begun to hope that they had succeeded in stealing through the cordon of savage foes, and already saw the course clear to Tres Tesauros when the betrayal came. Peter Black had been in a measure responsible for the uproar. The darky had placed his hand upon what looked like the trunk of a tree. It was in reality the statue-like form of an Indian. The darky recoiled with a yell of terror, and, losing his head, pulled the trigger of his rifle, firing at random. In an instant all was pandemonium. It seemed as if the very ground was covered with savages who leaped up in great numbers and surrounded the whites. A terrible struggle in the dark ensued.

"Hi, dar!" yelled the darky, as he plunged about in the wildest of excitement. "Jes' clar de track, yo' red rascals. We'se gwine fo' to git de tribulation dis time. Oh, Marse Clark, dis am de berry worstest yet."

"Shut up, you idiot!" cried the broker angrily, for he was close by Peter. "Get your rifle and fight!"

"Clar fo' goodness, I'll do dat, sah!" yelled the darky.

And to his credit be it said that he actually did find his rifle and fought valorously with his companions. An unusual thing, for he was generally a proverbial coward. Bill Haines had locked arms with a couple of burly savages, and was having a deadly wrestle with them. The savages had kindled fires in various quarters, and these instantly began to illuminate the vicinity. It revealed a thrilling scene. As the flames mounted up the tall trunks of the trees and filled the air with vivid flame, the Indians were seen swarming everywhere from the forest depths.

There was not one in the party of whites but realized that it was folly to stand their ground. Not one of them but instinctively thought of escape. But all were infused with the one idea of giving Hester protection. But in the melee Clark had been swept away from his beloved daughter, and though he fought madly he could not regain her side. He was frantic, but almost powerless. But Kit Carson's first thought was of Hester. The young girl was now in his care, and he was exercising his wits for a scheme to get her out of the locality safely.

Bill Haines in his combat with the two savages had showed his fighting prowess to great advantage. One of the red foes he managed to get a blow at with his knife and inflicted a fatal wound. The other savage threw his whole weight upon him, and for a time the struggle was a most savage one. Bill, however, stood good to win, when half a dozen more red foes were upon him. He

was not instantly butchered, but pinioned to the ground.

The Apache makes a prisoner when he can, for he is fond of torture, and this is sure to be the fate of a captive. Bill Haines knew this and risked everything. But weight of numbers prevailed, and he was a prisoner. Near by, Seth Moore had gone to the relief of Clark, who was sore beset by the foe. It was a fatal move. They became instantly the center of a furiously fighting throng. Mr. Clark received a blow on the head which partly stunned him, and he was quickly overpowered.

Moore was overcome by weight of numbers, and this at once terminated the battle. The three white men were led away into the forest and a guard of the Apaches surrounded them. Clark had no means of knowing whether Hester and Kit Carson, Jr., were also prisoners or not. He ventured to inquire of one of his captors, but received only a savage grunt for a reply. This at once terminated the confab. He could only pray and trust to Providence. Bound to trees, yet near each other, the three prisoners could keep up a conversation which they did.

"I reckon we're in a condemned bad box!" declared Bill Haines sententiously. "This ar a bad managed assair from fust to last. In ther fust place, we've no bizness bein' here."

"That's kerect!" growled Seth Moore.

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Clark, with asperity. "What else could we do? How could you expect us to rescue Hester if we did not come here?"

"Waal, I mean in ther shape we did. We warn't in no kind of a fix tew fight so many Apaches. I kin tell yew that when yew think the Apache of Arizony are a set of barbarians an' fools, then ye're goin' to hev' grief right away. They are a bad lot."

"I am going to agree with you on that latter point," said Mr. Clark. "But what better move could we have had had we got out of this valley safely after rescuing Hester?"

"But we haven't got out."

"We had a chance."

"Humph! Only about one chance in a million!" snorted the old plainsman. "I tell ye, we oughter hed tew companies of U. S. soldiers ter back us."

How the discussion would have ended it is not easy to say, but an accident at that moment interrupted it for the time. There was a fearful commotion in the bushes near. A chorus of hideous yells and grunts and an excited voice shouting:

"I tell yo' dis am a free country! Yo' am no right to treat a cullud gemmen in dis ar way. Jes' yo' take off dem ropes on mah wrists or I'se done gwine to hev the law on yo'! Dat am a serious fac'!"

It was Peter Black in the custody of his savage captors. The darky had been overpowered after a desperate fight.

"Peter!" shouted Clark joyfully, "it's you, is it? Thank God, you are alive!"

"Bre de good Lord!" cried the darky wildly. "I done fought yo' wuz killed, fo' suah, Marse Clark. Di chile am a'right now, fo' his ole marse am wid him!"

"For God's sake, Peter, tell me of the others. Are they all safe?"

"Dunno a sing about it, sah."

"What! Do you know nothing about Hester and the other?"

"Habn't seen 'em, sah! De fus thing I know I jest didn't know nuffin, sah. Den I hed mah wrists tied dis way, sah. If yo' jest make dem cut dem ropes I go berry quick an' fin' out about Missy Hester!"

"My God! I fear the worst!" groaned Clark.

"I don't see why ye should!" blurted forth Bill Haines.

"Why not?" asked the agonized father.

"Scalp me fer a coyote, but if ther gal ain't wid us she must be safe with Kit and Buck somewhere."

"More likely she is dead!" groaned Clark.

"Oh, fiddle! Yer allus down-hearted, cap'n. Brace up now an' make ther best of it. We'll have it she's safe, even if she ain't with us, an' until we know fer sartin."

The bluff assertions of Haines cheered Clark much. He became lighter of spirit, and after some moments of thought whispered:

"Bill!"

"Waal?"

"We're in a scrape, but we must get out of it. Is there no way for escape? If we do not succeed to-night we are doomed!"

But Bill Haines shook his head.

"We're in bad hands," he said. "They watch us like a cat. There's mighty little chance, as I kin look at it."

And the more the prisoners reflected upon this subject, indeed, the better satisfied they were that their captivity was a hopeless one. The sacrifice of their lives seemed a certainty.

CHAPTER X.—Peter Has Good Luck.

Escape was by no means easy. Bill Haines realized this full well. But yet he was disposed to keep an eye open and accept every chance. Of course this might come at any moment. But time passed and no opportunity offered itself. They were closely guarded, and Tlasco himself even appeared and gave peremptory orders to that effect; the outlook was a dark one. The savages were evidently scouring the woods for trace of the other three members of the party; that is, provided they were all alive. Hours passed and the four captives remained tied to the trees until the break of day came. Then a tall chief with a Mexican serape for a belt appeared and gave some guttural orders to the guards. The prisoners were released from the trees and, closely surrounded, were led away through the forest. Bill Haines nodded his head knowingly.

"I reckon it's easy to see what this means!" he declared.

"What?" asked Clark.

"Why, they're going ter take us to their rancheria. Then they will have us up for torture. It's a bad outlook fer us, unless—"

"Well?"

"Unless Kit Carson, Jr., got scot free, an' will manage tew resky us in good time."

"That ain't very hopeful," said Seth.

"Indeed, I fear not!" groaned Mr. Clark. "Fate seems against us. I only pray that Hester is safe!"

"Well, I reckin she is!" said Bill confidently. "Just trust Kit and Buck tew fool ther Apaches any time."

For some while the captives were led on through the forest depths. Then after a time the canyon was reached, and the rancheria of Tlasco came to view. Entering the little pocket or valley in the hills the party were greeted by a vast concourse of squaws, dogs and Indian children. But the tall chief with the serape quickly caused the prisoners to be incarcerated in a teepee, where they were left to their own serious reflections. Perhaps the one who took the matter most seriously was Peter Black, who was almost distraught with the situation.

"Golly! Sakes alibe!" he groaned. "Wha' ebbey dey's gwine ter do wif dis chile, I jes' like fer to know! I done hope dey ain't gwine fo' to burn me at de stake or skin me alive!"

"Probably they'll do both, Peter," grinned Haines. "You're in a bad box now. I reckin ye've reached ther end of yure rope."

The darky rolled up his eyes, and his teeth chattered like castanets. He folded his arms over his knees and began to rock to and fro, chanting a camp-meeting hymn. As fate had it, this devolved much to his advantage. The Apaches do not sing, but they are at once attracted by melody, and as Peter had really a good voice their attention was at once drawn to the teepee. Suddenly the flap was lifted, and several dusky faces appeared there. Part of them were squaws, and they regarded Peter intently.

The darky heeded them not, but kept right on with his hymn. Apparently the idea of making an impression drifted through his acute brain, for suddenly he switched off upon a plantation melody. The change was magical. Instantly every dusky face at the teepee entrance wore a delighted expression. Then there was a commotion and a couple of dusky warriors sprung into the place. Peter was led out into the sunlight. From every quarter of the village the Apaches now gathered. Squatting upon the ground in great circles, they filled the air with choruses of grunts until Peter was induced again to sing. His arms and legs were liberated from the cutting thongs of deerskin which practically gave him his liberty.

The astute darky saw that the tide was in his favor, and he was careful to keep it so. He instantly began a rollicking song and dance of the real plantation type. The Indians listened in their stoical way, without any noisy demonstration. It was like performing to a company of automata, but Peter knew that he was making an impression by the expressions of delight upon their rugged features. So he kept on until at length he was obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion. Then one of the squaws brought him a gourd filled with pulque. This was very grateful to the darky's taste.

He drank heartily while the crowd now gathered about him, regarding him curiously, examining his black skin and evidently puzzled as to his nationality. He was not a white man, they reasoned, therefore, why should he be an enemy? Only the palefaces were enemies to the Apache. Then they reflected and cogitated until one of the crack medicine men came forward, and after an examination of Peter made a surprising speech.

He solemnly averred that the man with the black skin had come from the sun, that he was an emissary from the sun god, and had come to prove that the latter was upon the side of the Apache and that they would prevail against their enemies.

Peter, whose life was at stake, was not a little interested in the controversy. He could not understand their tongue, but he knew enough of their signs to divine the entire meaning of the medicine man. The darky would have been worse than foolish to allow this impression which the Apaches had gained to become dispelled.

"Golly!" he muttered, "wha' fools dem Injines am. I done fink I fool dem now in good shape."

So he assumed an air of dignity and command. This caught on at once. Instantly he was surrounded by all the chiefs, and a headdress or war bonnet of gorgeous feathers was brought to him. Peter donned this and then proceeded to make a fiery speech in South Carolina dialect, not a word of which was understood by the Apaches, but to which, however, they listened with great reverence. The darky was more than elated with the turn affairs had taken. He at once saw that he had it in his power to save the lives of his three fellow prisoners as well as his own. He was recognized as a mighty chief now by the Apaches. He was accepted into their midst, given power and weapons, and none of them would dare disobey the black emissary of Quetzal the Sun God. At his word of command the prisoners might have been liberated, but Peter chose not to assume the risk of arousing their dulled suspicions.

He believed that there was another and better way to gain his ends. He was disposed to be cautious. All this had occurred in the absence of Tlasco, who had not yet returned from the trail of Kit Carson, Jr. Tlasco was better informed than the others of the tribe, and knew what a negro was. The allusion would at once be dispelled should he return. Realizing this astutely, Petetr was resolved to lose no time. He did not dare to venture near the teepee where the three men were confined until evening came again. Then the darky boldly advanced to the door of the teepee, gave the guard a sign of command and entered. As he appeared in his headress and streaks of paint, the white captives were astounded.

"Great Jericho!" gasped Bill Haines. "What ails ye, nigger? Have ye turned Injin?"

"Huh! Don' yo talk to me so free!" said Peter, with mock dignity. "I'm jes' one big chief, an' if I wuz to say de word all ob yo' would hab yo' heads cut off kerslap. Dat's de gosped troof."

With this Peter told the whole story. He told the captives he was going to dispose of the guard at the door. But first he gave them a knife to set themselves free. He then went out and down to the place where the horses were tied up. He untethered four of them and placed them where the captives could hastily mount them. Then he went back to the prisoners' teepee and sent the guard away with an imperious wave of the hand. He then stole around to the back, cut a slit in the teepee and motioned to its occupants to come out. Out of the slit the four men glided. But before they had fairly got started a terrific yell went up on the air. The escape had been discovered.

CHAPTER XI.—Hester Placed in Hiding.

Words cannot describe the terrible fears of Hester Clark as they were attacked that dark night in the forest. The red foe swarmed all about them, and in the terrible confusion she lost sight of her father and did not find him again. Her one idea seemed to be to participate in the struggle as far as she was able, for Hester was fearless and could handle a rifle well. She endeavored to get a chance to shoot at one of the dusky forms swarming so thickly about. But suddenly she saw a giant form descending upon her in the gloom. Before she could aim at the red foe, however, he was upon her like an avalanche. She was rudely grasped and lifted high in the savage's arms. Her strength was as that of an infant compared with the savage's. It was useless for her to struggle.

Yelling with fiendish delight, the monster was about to make off with his fair prize when rescue came. Suddenly a lithe figure darted at the savage's throat. There was a savage yell, a quick cry, a brief, fierce struggle, and a knife flashed in air and the savage had met his end. Hester was rescued. Kit Carson, Jr., it was who stood before her. The young scout held out a hand, saying quickly and firmly:

"Come, you must leave this place at once. It is our only hope to go now."

But Hester hesitated, and with a quivering voice cried:

"But my father? Oh, I cannot go and leave him!"

"You must!" cried Kit. "He will escape, no doubt. Even if he is captured every effort shall be made to rescue him. Have no fear."

There was plainly no other way. Hester was almost dragged away by Kit. The fight was becoming fiercer. Suddenly a burly form confronted Kit. The young scout flashed his knife aloft, but did not strike. It was fortunate, for in that instant he recognized a friend.

"Buck Carter!"

"Yas, it's me," replied the rough plainsman hurriedly; "thar is a good chance fer gittin' outen this ugly scrape. Cum this way, quick!"

They could do nothing better than obey. Carter led the way into a clump of mesquite, and dodged into a narrow gully or washout in which there was yet a few inches of water. Down this they rapidly sped in the darkness. They had literally slipped out of the trap.

"Wait!" Hester cried. "We must not leave the others!"

But both scouts knew the deadly peril of halting for even a moment, and they would not listen.

"Do not fear for your father!" whispered Kit. "We will save him or die in the attempt!"

On through the tortuous gully they ran. The yells and rifle shots of the red foe could be heard far behind them. Both Kit and Buck knew that they had outwitted the foe, and were much elated thereby. Their plans were quickly made. Coming to a halt in a little glade, a hasty consultation was held.

"I have it!" cried Buck Carter. "There is in ther Tres Tesauro canyon a number of cliff

dwellings far above the level and where a hundred of ther foe could be held at bay by one. We will go there."

"Good!" cried Kit eagerly. "You will not be afraid to remain in hiding for a few hours?" to Hester.

"Certainly not," replied the young girl bravely, "only save my father."

"We will do that," declared Kit, with iron resolution.

It was a distance of some miles over a rough country to the Tres Tesauro canyon, but Buck knew the way into the cliff dwelling. Here was a secure hiding place. Hester was made as comfortable as possible. In an inner room, where the blaze could not be seen in the canyon, a fire was made. Then Kit said:

"I think you will be safe here until we return. At least, have no fears."

"I am not afraid to stay alone," declared the brave girl. "Only I pray you, save my father."

Kit and Buck descended from the cliff abode, and at once struck out upon the return trail. Their one purpose now was to learn the fate of and, if possible, to rescue their companions. Stealthily they scouted about the vicinity. But it was deserted. The Apaches had deserted it with their prisoners. In the early morning light the scouts found the trail. And in a muddy stream they identified the tracks which proved to them, to their great joy, that all four of the white men were captured alive.

"That is a streak of luck," declared Buck, with joy. "I reckin we kin same 'em if we hev any kind of luck."

"We will make a big effort," declared Kit.

So they pushed forward cautiously, with the purpose of entering the enemies' stronghold if possible. But presently Indian signs became so plentiful that they were in great danger of getting deeply into a trap, and were obliged to halt. What was now to be done? An idea suddenly occurred to Buck.

"I hev it!" he cried. "Why not try the same game over again yew did when yew reskyed ther gal? Kain't we get in by ther same trail?"

Kit remembered the tree which grew against the sheer wall of the mountain pocket and exclaimed:

"A happy thought; we will certainly try it."

To reach the locality in question it was necessary to make a very long and slow detour. But they pushed on resolutely, hoping for the best. If they could not succeed in reaching the Indian rancheria before the prisoners were subjected to torture, they might hope by some strategy to rescue them. But of course this was not going to be easy, for the Apaches were now completely on their guard. Through the mesquite and chaparral they sped as fast as they possibly could. Over rough boulders and ledges, and finally Buck cried:

"Beyond that ridge I reckin we'll find ther pocket. Go ahead lively, Kit."

The words had barely left his lips when a thrilling thing happened. There was a sudden sharp report, and Kit threw up his arms and fell. Buck's action was lightning like. He saw the puff of smoke from a clump of cacti upon the mountainside. Up went his rifle and—Crack!

There was a wild, awful yell of agony, and from the cacti a lithe and swarthy form leaped forth and fell down over the rocks in a limp heap. Then Buck sprang to cover. But the foe was a solitary one, and almost instantly Kit Carson, Jr., was on his feet.

"Jumpin' beavers!" gasped Buck. "I thought yew was killed, Kit!"

"Not much!" exclaimed the young scout, as he bared his shoulder and showed where the bullet had glanced along the arm blade. "It is only a bit of a flesh wound and stings a little, that's all."

"I'm moughty glad of that."

"So am I. It was a close call. But come along, pard!"

And away they went at full speed. Now they were over the ridge and had a good view of the pocket. A thrilling scene was before them.

CHAPTER XII.—Rescued—The Cache.

Discovered the moment they emerged from the teepee in Tlasco's village, the position of the four captives was a terrible one. It seemed as if their plans of escape were to be cruelly balked at the last moment. A savage had seen them emerge and sent up a yell. This had sent the guard to his feet, and he instantly discovered the ruse played upon him. Shots began to fly, and for an instant it was a desperate situation indeed. But Peter Black knew that it was too late to take back tracks. With his eye upon the ponies, he shouted:

"Run, fo' massy sakes! Dar am de ponies ober yonder!"

No further bidding was necessary. With all speed they crossed the intervening distance. As good fortune had it, all escaped the bullets except Peter, who received a slight scratch on the neck. Bill Haines sprang upon the first pony, and with a wild war whoop was off. Seth Moore followed him, and Peter and Mr. Clark came on behind. Before the astonished Apaches had hardly time to realize it, they were far out upon the plain. The solitary tree was an easy landmark to see, and they rode for it like mad. But now from their rear there came wild yells and whoops as the maddened redskins came in pursuit. They were not over-hasty, however, in this, for they did not believe that the prisoners could escape in that direction, knowing that the valley was so deeply walled in. But they were destined to meet with a great surprise. Straight across the valley they rode. Every moment Bill Haines in the lead neared the goal. Now he reached the tree and flung himself from his pony. Up into the branches he sprang. But before he had gone far he received a start of horror. The lariat which Kit had stretched across the gap in some mysterious manner had vanished. It was no longer there. The plainsman was aghast.

"Great Jericho!" he gasped. "Whatever air ther meanin' of that? It's gone, ain't it, an' not a rope in the crowd!"

This was true. There was not another lariat in the crowd. Nothing to answer that purpose was available. To attempt to leap from the branches of the tree to the wall was an impossible feat. All stood aghast. Every moment the Apaches were nearing the spot.

"My God, we have failed!" gasped Mr. Clark. So indeed it seemed. But Bill Haines cried:

"Not by a durned sight! Thar must be some way ter git across. We'll give 'em a chase around ther valley, anyway. I ain't goin' to give up yit."

"Right!" cried Clark. "Let us at least keep on the go as long as we can."

So all quickly mounted. It was likely that they would have carried this plan into execution had it not been for a sudden thrilling incident. A sharp cry went up. Then Peter Buck waved his arms wildly.

"Ki-yi, hyar dey am, Marse Clark! We am done sabed! It am Marse Kit and Buck!"

Two men came tearing down to the edge of the pocket wall. They were Buck Carter and Kit Carson, Jr., and they had taken in the situation at a glance. They were quick to act.

"Hello, Buck! Howdy, Kit!" roared bluff Bill Haines.

"How are ye all?" responded Buck. "We'll git ye out of ther hole if ye'll only hold your hosses."

"Hurry up!" shouted Kit. "Give them a dose of lead, Buck."

Buck fired into the Apaches, and Kit swung his lariat for the tree trunk. There was a stump of a limb over which it caught. It was easy enough then for the white prisoners to scale the tree and swing across the gap. They were not a moment too soon. Seth Moore was the last to cross, and he had barely reached the wall when a volley came from the rifles of the foe. Miraculously all escaped being hit and speedily hid in the rocks about. Once more in a marvelous manner they had been delivered from what seemed certain death. The red foes were furious. They stormed up and down, firing their rifles wildly and yelling like fiends. But Buck and Kit drove them back with a few well-directed shot. Then mutual congratulations and experiences were exchanged.

"We are out of the hands of the Philistines," said Mr. Clark, "but not out of danger. We are four of us practically defenseless."

This was true. None of the four had weapons. But that did not disconcert Kit.

"That is all right," he said. "There is a cache of mine over in Tres Tesauro where there are half a dozen rifles and also ammunition which I captured some months ago and cached with an idea that I might want them for further use."

"Grand!" cried Mr. Clark joyfully. "And you tell me Hester is safe?"

"She is, and after visiting the cache we will pay her a visit."

The spirits of all were high. It seemed as if they were favored of fortune, and yet the risk which surrounded them was great. The Apaches were riding furiously for the canyon, and it was evidently their purpose to again get the trail of the white men. Tlasco's declaration that they could not escape from the Mogollon region alive seemed very likely to come true.

"Come quick," cried Kit. "We must to the cache and then to see Hester!"

Kit led the way as being most familiar with the byways of the hills. They pushed on without incident for full two hours. This brought them to the base of one of the Tres Tesauros hills.

Here they plunged into a canyon. And as they were pushing on, suddenly Potter Clark gave a great cry:

"Heigho!" he shouted. "Wonderful! It is a treasure gulch! Gold! Gold!"

And the broker picked up a huge nugget of the shining stuff fully as big as one's fist. It was a beauty, and as others were seen lying about in the sands a scramble was made for them. But Buck Carter and Kit Carson, Jr., did not participate. They only smiled in a contemptuous way, and Kit said:

"Those yellow rocks may be all right in civilization, but they're of no use here. I wouldn't give my rifle for the whole of them."

"Nor I," declared Buck bluntly. "I wouldn't live in civilization fer a palace an' all ther money of ther world. Give me my rifle an' a good lariat. I kin make a livin' in ther Southwest, yew bet!"

"A fortune is of little use to either of us," said Kit, "but it is all right for those who have a use for money."

Potter Clark heard all this in supreme amazement. He had spent much time on 'Change, where men feverishly fought for money, and where many failing were even constrained to take their lives. The two scouts could not understand this feeling. Little value they placed upon gold. The wild hills, its game and its resources were theirs, and they could see no more preferable life. At least gold could not tempt them to leave it. But Potter Clark saw the vast advantages of possessing a fortune in his old age. He saw a comfortable home, a handsome dower for his daughter, and happiness to the end of his days. So the world goes.

young halfbreed is a terror, an' no discount on it. He kin hide in these hills an' fight fer ten years."

Further discussion upon this question was brought to a sudden termination by a startling incident. At the moment they were upon a narrow path at the base of a mountain slope. It was precarious footing, for great depths were below them. Suddenly a grinding sound above them caused all to look up.

They beheld a horrifying sight. A mighty boulder had started on its way down the slope. It was coming with lightning speed. Behind the boulder, and that which furnished its motive power, were a couple of tawny Apaches. Their purpose was to sweep the little party from the face of the earth, and indeed they seemed likely to succeed. Down came the awful death messenger. One brief instant they were paralyzed with horror. Then Kit cried tensely:

"Quick, for your lives, leap!"

There was barely time to leap aside. Even then Peter Black would have been a victim but that he fell flat, and the boulder bounded over him without once touching him. It was a narrow escape. But almost simultaneously a rifle shot rang out, and one of the Apaches, with a yell, dropped. Bill Haines had fired at him. The other was almost instantly shot by Moore. But dusky forms were seen far above on the crest of the hill. There was barely time for the party to get away from their exposed position. Then rifle bullets came rattling against the boulders behind which they were hiding. A desultory battle ensued for some while. Kit Carson, Jr., saw with the eye of a general that this would not do if long kept up. The savages would so greatly increase in numbers that soon they would be surrounded and overwhelmed. A change of base was necessary and must be made at once. Kit led the way, dodging behind boulders for a distance of some hundred yards or more. This brought them to the verge of mesquite and modrone trees and to a more sheltered spot.

Then followed a quick attack from the Apaches, they breaking cover and for the moment exposing themselves. Kit Carson, Jr., was quick to take advantage of this, and a volley was sent up the mountainside. This brought the foe to a sense of caution, and they retreated behind the boulders once more. Working their way down through the mesquite, the white men finally reached a safe spot at the junction of two canyons. In one of these was the cliff dwelling in which Hester was in hiding. Here the battle became lively, the Apaches firing rapidly. But so well protected were the claim hunters that they had plainly the best of the situation from the start. The red foe could attack only from one point.

To be sure, they had overpowering numbers, and a grand charge would have driven the white men from their position. But the Indian never fights in that way. Strategy and cunning is his forte. Especially is this appreciable to the Apache. So for some while the contest was waged thus. Then a horrible thought came to Kit Carson, Jr. He conferred with Buck in regard to it.

"If I am right, it is not two miles in detour to an accessible entrance to this canyon below us," he declared. "What if the foe should come upon us from that direction?"

CHAPTER XIII.—A Strange Disappearance.

But Kit now interposed.

"What is the use of piling up that stuff?" he cried. "You can't take it with you just now. We have other things to consider first."

This was true. The fever which had seized the Chicago broker now subsided, and he accepted the logic of the situation.

"You are right, Kit," he declared. "We must leave it here and mark the spot. We can return for it later."

This was done, and all now pushed on for the cache. Here the rifles were found as Kit had promised. The four rescued men were quickly armed, and then a start was made for the cliff dwelling where Hester had been left by Kit. It began to look as if the claim hunters had the best of the situation after so many hard experience. The Apaches were off the trail, and it did not now seem so very difficult a matter to work their way out of the danger-infested territory.

"We have found the lost gold claim!" declared Mr. Clark, "and now all that remains is to return with a large enough force to drive Tlasco's band out."

"We ought to be able to get a force of cavalry from Camp Grant," declared Kit Carson, Jr. "You can then exterminate Tlasco and his gang." But Bill Haines shook his head.

"Not so durned ea'y," he said. "I tell ye that

"We would be hemmed in," said Buck.

"Yes."

"Jumpin' cattymounts! We'd better look out fer that."

Kit quickly conferred with Potter Clark. The latter listened eagerly.

"Two of us had better at once go down to the cliff dwelling and find Hester," he said. "Then we had better fall back down the canyon to the ponies and the pack train. I believe it will be easy then to get out of the hills. Once on the open prairie they will not dare attack us."

"That is correct!" agreed Potter Clark.

At once this plan was made known to the others. Then Kit Carson, Jr., and Potter Clark set out down the canyon. Soon the entrance to the cliff dwelling was reached. Kit whistled, but no answer came.

"I will go up," he said.

Up the lariat he went and was soon in the rude abode. No sound rewarded his hearing. A chill struck him. He passed quickly into the inner chamber. A swift horror swept over him. The place was deserted! Hester was gone!

CHAPTER XIV.—Out of the Canyon.

The cliff dwelling was empty. Hester Clark was not there. Appalled, the young scout stood for a moment hardly able to act. Then he picked up an object from the floor. It was a broken arrow. He recognized the colors of the feather shaft as belonging to Tlasco.

"My God!" he gasped. "The fiend has been here and taken her away."

This was apparently true. Kit rushed to the entrance and slid down the lariat to the ground. The sound of rifle shots up the canyon was evidence that the red men were being held at bay. There was a chalky white color upon Potter Clark's face as he gasped:

"Tell me the worst. Is she—"

"She is gone!"

The broker looked as if he was about to faint, but with a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and said:

"I am afraid I shall have to give Hester up, and that she is lost to me forever."

Kit was somewhat discouraged himself by this continued streak of ill luck, but he did not show it.

"We won't give up," he declared. "She has been rescued once, and I believe she can be again."

"God grant you are right," groaned the father, "but I have lost hope. Do you think she is really in Tlasco's hands?"

"This seems like evidence."

The young scout held up the broken arrow.

"This belongs to Tlasco. It would hardly be in the possession of any other warrior."

"But—how did he ever discover her hiding place?"

"He has doubtless been on the trail ever since. He is a cunning dog, and not to be easily thrown from a scent."

"I believe you are right. But what can we do?"

"First of all, we must look out for ourselves.

We are in a bad predicament, and must extricate ourselves."

"True! Ever since we came into this accursed country there has been nothing but trouble for me. I wish I had remained at home."

"The Apaches are a bad set!" agreed Kit, "but we must fight it out as best we can. Ah, hear that!"

The distant crash of firearms was heard. It was evident that the conflict was drawing nearer. The white men were being driven up the canyon. Action must be made at once.

"Come on!" cried Kit, "first to baffle the foe, and then to rescue Hester!"

The young scout started away again down the canyon, followed by Potter Clark. Soon they came upon the party behind rocks fighting pluckily. But the Apaches were gaining ground. The white men all turned as Kit and Clark appeared.

"Waal," cried Buck Carter, in his bluff way, "did ye find ther gal all safe?"

But the pale faces and dejected air of the two men was a good answer.

"Tlasco again!" said Kit briefly.

Buck swore roundly.

"Hang me fer a cattymount!" he cried, "but we oughter polish that young cuss off some way or nuther. I'd like to git a bead on him jist once. I reckon he wouldn't be stealin' any more white gals!"

"You're right!" agreed Kit. "But that don't seem to be an easy thing to do!"

"It don't, upon my honor! Look out, thar! Whoop-la!"

The exclamation was caused by a bullet from an Apache rifle, which cut a lock of hair from the scout's temple.

"I think I kin see ther coyote what fired that shot," he said coolly. "I'll jest pizen his breakfast fer him!"

One moment the old scout wavered, then quick as lightning raised his rifle and fired. Down from a perch upon the canyon wall tumbled a savage, his death yell filling the canyon with eerie echoes.

"Yer cooked him, didn't yer?" cried Bill Haines. "Hyar's fer another!"

Thus the fight went on. Suddenly Potter Clark heard a sickening thud close beside him, and then a groan, and a heavy body sank by his side. It was that of Seth Moore.

Moore lay upon his back, each hand clutching a tuft of bunch grass, but his head was thrown back, and his eyes were set. Horror and grief were upon all. Seth was dead. It was the first one of the party killed.

Kit reverently kneeled and closed Seth's eyes. There was not time to bury the body, but it was carefully secreted in a cleft of the canyon wall. The Apaches were now pressing the battle vigorously. Still retreating, the brave little party fought like heroes, but the odds were extremely great. At length it became evident that something more desperate must be done. Kit set his ready wits to work, and very speedily had a plan. There was a point where the canyon wall took a sharp bend; a projection hung over the cliff far above. Behind this bend the party were out of sight for a time of the Apaches. Kit gave his orders quickly.

"Keep them back!" he commanded. "Don't let them gain an inch for a while."

The young scout unwound his lariat. He measured the distance upward with his eye. An upward throw with a lariat is ever a hard one. It requires muscle and great elasticity. But Kit had both of these requisites. Back once more he drew. His body bent almost to the ground like a piece of whalebone. Then up went the circling cord of rawhide. Up, up, and unfolding as it went, until the noose gradually rose and slid over the sharp nose of the projection. A quick, sharp pull, the noose slipped, caught, and a cheer burst from Buck Carter's lips.

"Hooray, lad!" he shouted. "Thar hain't nuthin' like that been done in this kentry sence I kin remember. Yew ar' ther boss with ther cord!"

"All right!" exclaimed Kit hastily. "Go up there quick, Buck, and I'll follow. We'll have to draw up the greenhorns," meaning Clark and Peter Black.

"Kerect, lad!" cried Buck. "I'm off!"

And up the rope like a sailor went the scout—up, up, he went until he reached the ledge above. Then he swung himself over and signalled to Kit; but the young scout was already close after him. Up went Kit nimbly. It was lucky for him that the bend in the canyon wall hid him from the sight of the foe. Bill Haines now kept up a rapid fire with his Winchester, while Buck and Kit hauled Peter Black and Potter Clark up over the edge. Then Bill slung his rifle over his shoulder and started up the lariat, the others above pulling at the same time. The Apaches, astonished at the sudden cessation of the fire, drew near and saw the game played upon them. They woke the echoes with their yells and fired at Bill, but they were just too late. The scout was safe.

CHAPTER XV.—The End of Tlasco.

Hester Clark, left in the cliff dwelling, was in a peculiar frame of mind. She was a brave girl, but the incidents of the last few hours had greatly contributed to disturb her nerves. She realized that for the nonce she was comparatively safe. Then hope was once more reinstated in her breast. She had worlds of confidence in the young scout. He had said that he would rescue her father, and she felt sure that he would achieve this end. But the hours which passed seemed ages to her. The night wore away and daylight came. At length, after having crouched for so long in the corner of the cliff abode, reaction came, and she resolved to take a look out of her hiding place. So she crept into the outer chamber and to the little aperture cut in the stone wall, which served as a window. Across the canyon was the same high cliff, with the same strange dwellings carved in its surface.

Above was the brassy sky with the sun of those latitudes beating mercilessly down over all. Below, as she looked timorously over the window ledge, she saw the bed of the canyon with its polished floor and pebbly brooklet. She shuddered as she thought of how high up her position was and what it would be to fall that distance. She risked another look over the edge.

Again she saw the bottom of the canyon. And this time—heavens! What did she see? She pressed both hands to her bosom with a stifling sense of horror. As sure as Heaven, there was a dusky panther-like form upon the canyon floor. Its gaudy head-dress and bright Mexican serape could not be mistaken. It was an Indian trailer, and he was upon his hands and knees studying the stony floor. Hester gazed upon him with a terrible fascination which she could not overcome. And as she did so he suddenly stood upright. His face was turned upward. She could not move. Horror froze her features. Terrible triumph and malevolence transfixes his brutal countenance. It was Tlasco, the Apache chief.

The wily Indian chief had seen her. This was enough. He threw off his serape and arrow quiver. Quickly he displaced his moccasins. His purpose was to climb up to the cliff dwelling. Now he began to mount upward by means of the interstices in the cliff. Up he slowly came. The young girl was in a fearful state of mind. What was to be done? A swift wave of decision swept over her. With it came a resolution to act. It was her life at stake, and she would be weak indeed if she did not fight for it. Already Tlasco was halfway up the cliff. Hester acted quickly. There was but one object in the place which was movable. This was a chunk of adobe about the size of one's head.

Hester rolled it to the edge of the door sill. Desperation lent her strength. She was conscious of a fearful repugnance to the taking of human life. It would be a sickening thing to see the dusky body go hurtling and crashing down to a hideous death in the canyon. And yet it was her only hope. She nerved herself, closed her eyes, and rolled the block of adobe over the verge. Ah! but that was her mistake. She should have taken more time and better aim. Tlasco's cunning eyes had seen all. The wily savage flattened himself against the wall of the cliff. The stone bounded outward and went crashing down. Hester, confident that she had destroyed her persecutor, sank back, overcome with a sense of horror. What was that? There was a peculiar scratching sound from the face of the cliff, and then through the door sprang a lithe form. A guttural-cry escaped Tlasco's lips as he bounded into the cliff chamber.

"Wagh!" he grunted. "White girl try to kill Tlasco! She cannot do that! She will be the squaw of the sun of Quetzal. It is to be. Come!"

She was quickly overpowered; her hands were tied behind her. Then Tlasco bound a lariat under her arms and led her to the verge of the cliff chamber entrance. Then he lowered her over the edge and to the bottom of the canyon. He next slid down himself, and they were together below. The young chief led his captive away down the canyon. Hester could make no resistance. She knew it was of no use. For a long ways they journeyed on. Then they came to the verge of a furious mountain stream. Here Tlasco seemed to be puzzled. He walked up and down the banks of the stream, looking in vain for a suitable place to cross, but none such seemed to offer.

Then he drew his lariat from his girdle, and lassoed a tree stump upon the opposite side. This

done, he secured the other end of the lariat, thus making a rope bridge. Then he bound Hester to a tall tree. With a guttural word of command to her, he went down to the rope bridge, and swung himself out over the furious yeast of waters. Hester watched him curiously, wondering what his purpose was. Out over the howling waste he went. But halfway across a thrilling thing happened. Hester heard a straining sound, then a sharp whiplike report. The cord had parted. The next moment Tlasco's body was in the howling waste of waters. As he went down, Hester for a moment only saw his upturned dusky face contorted with an expression of horror and anguish. Then he was swept from sight forever. No human being could hope to escape alive from that awful cataract. The career of the White Whirlwind was ended, and in a fitting manner, too.

As she realized this, once more hope revived in Hester Clark's breast. She tried to free herself from the cruel, cutting bonds. But in vain. They would not yield. A dumb horror came over her. What would be her fate? Must she remain in this awful thralldom until death should overtake her? Would her friends ever be able to find her? Thus reasoning, she fell into a species of dull languor, from which she was aroused in a thrilling manner. There was a sudden crashing of undergrowth, a low, deep growl, and Hester saw a monster animal crouched upon the ground not thirty feet away. It was a mountain lion, and its greenish eyes were fixed balefully upon its intended prey. It was all ready for its deadly spring.

CHAPTER XVI.—A Happy Ending.

Words cannot express the sensation experienced by Hester Clark at that moment. The awful horror of the situation froze her soul. What should she, what could she do? Death was upon her. Her white lips moved, but no words came from them. Her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved tumultuously. And now the lion was ready for its deadly leap. A moment more and its fangs would be in her delicate white neck. Its claws would rend her.

But—crack-ack! The chorus of rifle shots blended in the air of the gorge. The lion leaped, but tumbled in a heap. Just in the nick of time the rescue had come. Hester Clark was saved. Cheer upon cheer rent the air as the rescuers burst forth from a thicket near. Kit Carson was the first to reach Hester's side. He cut her bonds, and at once turned her over to her father's arms. That was a joyful reunion. Outwitting the Apaches in the canyon, the party of prospectors had started across the country for the pack-train concealed in Tres Tesauros. All were in need of ammunition, and hoped to find it there.

This was how they came upon the spot at this opportune moment. It was indeed a joyful turn in events. The death of Tlasco was remarked upon by all as a fitting end of a villainous career. Nobody felt sorry. Now they set out once more for Tres Tesauros. But they had not gone far when a startling sound brought them

to a halt. It was the report of firearms. The gaining of an eminence near revealed a startling sight. A squad of blue-coated horsemen were seen in a defile far below. They were battling with the Apaches.

"The cavalry!" cried Kit. "It is Colonel Henderson and his men from Fort Gaines. Hurrah! You will be able to safely open your claim now, Mr. Clark, for they will not leave this region until the Apaches of the Mogollon are wiped out."

That they had already been sighted by the cavalrymen was apparent when a courier was seen riding toward them. A few moments later the whole party were in the Union camp. Explanations were in order, and Col. Henderson was pleased to meet all. He was a fighting hero, and declared that there should never be any more trouble with Apaches in that region. Col. Henderson was as good as his word, and drove the Apaches out of Tres Tesauros.

There was now no trouble in opening up the claim of Potter Clark, and a rich one it proved, too. A mighty fortune was taken out, and the broker became once more a great power on 'Change in Chicago. But Hester had changed her plans of life. When it came time to return to Chicago she said bravely:

"Father, I am going to stay here!"

The broker was astounded. An explanation was quickly made, when Kit Carson, Jr., stepped up and said:

"Mr. Clark, we love each other dearly. I have bought the Red Ranch, and we are to be married and live there forever. We want you to live with us!"

Potter Clark could not demur. He blessed them heartily, and is to-day a frequent visitor at the famous Carson ranch. Peter Black is yet Clark's faithful valet, Buck Carter and Bill Haines mourned the loss of Seth Moore, but went back into the wilds, determined to avenge his death. Kit yet keeps little black Trixey, his favorite pony. Thus after many trials happiness dawned, and at no more propitious point could we end our story.

Next week's issue will contain "THE RIVALS OF ROUND TOP ACADEMY; or, MISSING FROM SCHOOL."

8,000 MILES BY CANOE.

William A. Good of Harrisburg has just completed a canoe voyage of 8,000 miles made at the instigation of Field and Stream Magazine in the interests of conservation. In a seventeen-foot canoe he left Chicago Oct. 11, 1919, and using paddle alone, followed the Mississippi to New Orleans, followed the Gulf Coast around Florida and the Atlantic Coast north to New York, arriving at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club the other afternoon. This is probably the longest continuous canoe voyage ever made. Good had many adventures and several narrow escapes from death.

CURRENT NEWS

LIGHTNING FREAK.

Lightning is apt to do anything which is irregular. It struck a Dickenson College dormitory and hurled a freshman seven feet across a room while others a few feet away were not touched.

TRAINED PAIR OF GEESE.

Two geese trained to fish and bring the catch to their master have been keeping the table of J. T. Kerr supplied with fish. Mr. Kerr lives on the banks of the Mississippi River. "The geese already knew how to swim and dive," said Mr. Kerr, "and all that was necessary was to teach them to catch the fish and bring them in." Mr. Kerr said he conceived the idea of training the geese to fish after Col. Tucker Gibson, a neighboring planter, trained a hog to hunt. The hog noses through the bushes and "points" covies of quail exactly after the fashion of the best bred bird dog.

GOATS TO KILL SASSAFRAS.

One hundred and fifty Angora goats were received yesterday at Hartwell, Ind., in this county, by the Hartwell Mining Company. The goats were bought in Kansas City to be turned loose on the property of the mining company, consisting of several thousand acres of coal land in Southern Pike County, much of which is growing sassafras, small sprouts and trees. The goats will be pastured on the property in an effort to kill the sprouts and sassafras. Hundreds of acres of this land can be reclaimed if it can be cleared without too great an expense to the mining company, and the goats were obtained to do the work of men in the clearing.

MOUSE TOOK \$50 BILL.

It was nothing new to the man sent by a music house to tune a piano in an Altoona, Pa., home to discover a mouse's nest under the keyboard. That was an old story to him; but when he noticed tiny bits of green paper his curiosity was aroused. He fished out the nest and found it was a greenback, somewhat trayed around the edges. He called the woman of the house and gave it to her.

"Well, that's where our \$50 bill went," she gasped. Then she explained that last fall her husband had slipped the bill under the parlor carpet for safe keeping. Seven weeks ago they needed it, but it was gone. The mouse had utilized it.

A GAS ATTACK ON DESTRUCTIVE BUGS.

The deadly fumes of hydrocyanic acid gas are used in eradicating objectionable bugs and fungi from citrus fruit trees. As a couple of whiffs of this gas spell sure death to the workmen, great care has to be exercised in treating the tree. A graduated scale is so painted on the out-

side of the canvas bag that is employed for the administering of the gas, and that forms the subject of the accompanying view, as to indicate how much gas is required for any given tree. As the canvas bag is placed over a tree, the graduated scale indicates the size of the tree; and by subsequent reference to the poison record on the automatic engine which makes and distributes the gas, the attendant can accurately determine exactly how much poison gas to give each tree. The treatment occurs in the late afternoon and the canvas bag is wrapped around each tree in turn for a period of forty minutes, which is considered ample time to gas the undesirable bugs and growth.

VOLCANOES IN AN AMERICAN PARK.

The Hawaiian National Park, just created by Congress, is the first national park lying outside the continental boundaries of the United States. It sets apart three celebrated Hawaiian volcanoes, Kilauea, Mauna Loa and Haleakala.

"The Hawaiian volcanoes," writes T. A. Jaggar, director of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, "are truly a national asset, wholly unique of their kind, and the most continuously, variously and harmlessly active volcanoes on earth. Kilauea crater has been nearly continuously active with a lake or lakes of molten lava for a century. Mauna Loa is the largest active volcano and mountain pass in the world, with eruptions about once a decade, and has poured out more lava during the last century than any other volcano on the globe. Haleakala is a crater rift in its summit eight miles in diameter and 3,000 feet deep, with many high lava cones built up inside the crater. It is probably the largest of all known craters among volcanoes that are known as active. Haleakala erupted less than 200 years ago. The crater at sunrise is the grandest volcanic spectacle on earth."

The lava lake at Kilauea is the main feature of the new national park. It draws visitors from all over the world. It is a lake of fire 1,000 feet long, splashing on its banks with a noise like waves of the sea, while great fountains boil through it fifty feet high, sending quantities of glowing spray over the shore. Gases hiss and rumble and blue flames play through crevasses.

There have been occasional crises, Mr. Jaggar recently testified before the House Committee on the Public Lands, when the active crater was upheaved into a hill and thereafter collapsed into a deep pit with marvelously spectacular avalanches and fiery grottoes, cascades, whirlpools and rapids of glowing metal were common.

Mauna Loa is capped with perpetual snow. It is two and a half miles high.

Around the base of these vast volcanoes are gorgeous tropical forests. Sandalwood, elsewhere extinct, grows there luxuriously. There are mahogany groves, forests of tree ferns forty feet high, and magnificent tropical jungles alternating with green meadows. There are also tracts of desert and wonderful lava caves.

The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Just as they did so Tom heard the sharp crack of a pistol on the other side of the grove, and the shrill cry of a horse that followed close after the shot told him plainly that Betty had not wasted her shot.

The man on foot who was running for the trees was zigzagging in a manner that made him a difficult target to hit, but the mounted man could not pursue the same tactics without chancing to throw his horse, and was coming for the grove in a straight line.

Up went Tom's revolver, and he fired in such a manner that the bullet hit both man and horse, striking the rider in the leg and then passing through the body of the horse.

Down they went in a tangled heap to the ground, the rider pinned under the wounded animal, and there they lay. Tom raised his weapon again to shoot at the man on foot, but the latter fell to the ground before the boy could pull the trigger, and then rolled over and over without pausing a single instant, all his movements taking him further from the grove.

He did not cease in his rapid rolling until he was out of pistol range from the trees, and then he picked himself up and ran in a zigzag course for another hundred feet and stood there.

An instant later the boy heard his name called.
"Where are you, Tom?"

"Here, Betty," he called back, and even in that moment of excitement and danger it occurred to him that his homely name had never sounded so pleasantly in his ears.

There was a little rush through the bushes near at hand, and then the girl stood beside him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling.

"Well?" asked Tom.

"I hit the horse and he reared so quickly that he threw his rider, and the latter is lying on the ground stunned."

"And the man on foot?"

"He ran away, and I did not think it was worth while to fire a shot after him."

"I guess you were right," smilingly said Tom. "Well, the mounted men are out of the game, and we have nothing to fear from the ones on foot, so we will walk with Black Dick to the other end of the grove and dash away."

"I am ready," said Betty.

Tom stopped short.

"But where will I take you?"

"I would like to go to the hotel at Silver City, where I can confer with the mine people."

"I would gladly take you there, Betty," said the boy mail carrier, "but I am on duty for the government and must carry my mail pouches to Little Medicine as soon as possible. However, my

own home is but a few miles from here, and there you will be safe in the care of my mother until I return from Little Medicine and then I can take you to Silver City, or, for that matter somebody may be going there in whose care my folks can place you."

"That will do," said Betty, and then they walked Black Dick forward to the far end of the grove, mounted, and dashed away at top speed from the vicinity of the trees, and not even a sound was heard from the four men they had fought and beaten.

Once clear of the grove, Tom shaped his course for home.

CHAPTER IX.

Again the Boy Mail Carrier Meets Danger On the Postal Route.

With long, powerful strides Black Dick carried his double burden over the ground at a swinging gallop, and soon fetched up at Tom's home. It seemed to the boy mail carrier that nearly all the small population of Oil Springs had by chance assembled near his father's house, and that they all stared in astonishment at the pretty girl who rode with Tom's supporting arm around her.

Betty's hair was still hanging down her back, having lost the pins which were necessary to confine it, and she made such a picture as she rode into the little hamlet with Tom that the latter swelled with pride.

Half a dozen men rushed forward as Tom brought Black Dick to a halt at his father's door and were very eager to assist the blond beauty, but with one nimble spring she leaped to the ground. The young mail carrier took her into the house and introduced her to his father and mother, and saying to them that Betty would tell the story of their joint adventures, he sprang upon his horse again and rode away for Little Medicine.

You may be sure that his thoughts were upon the lovely girl that had that day shown him that she was as plucky as she was pretty, but for all his dwelling on Betty he did not fail to maintain a sharp lookout for danger. However, he had a peaceful and uneventful ride to his destination and handed over his mail pouches with a sign of relief.

He had the balance of the day before him and tried to while away the time by walking around the town and looking at the sights, but found that it suited him better to sit down on the hotel porch and think of the girl he had rescued and who had helped him in the battle he had waged with the four members of Dan Despard's band.

Once more he called himself a fool for letting his thoughts dwell on the daughter of a millionaire, but when night came and he went early to bed he was still calling himself a fool and still thinking of Betty Cornwallis.

The mails were ready for him by nine the next morning, and in spite of the fact that Black Dick had made the trip between Little Medicine and Silver City for three days in succession, he came out of the hotel stable with a jump that scattered the idlers who hung around, and seemed as fresh as ever for his forty-mile trip.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BEACH CENSORS SEW UP GAPS IN BATHING SUITS.

Seamstresses with pins, needles, thread and other paraphernalia were stationed at Chicago beaches to censor the bathing suits worn by women and sew in those wearers who violated prohibitions against the display of legs and shoulders which were made effective this year.

Last year the style of beach costumes was left almost entirely to the conscience of the wearer.

Hundreds of women who appeared to-day in last year's "conscience" suits kept the beach tailoress-censors busy.

NEW ARTESIAN WELL ON A RAMPAGE.

The great Bear Butts artesian well, struck a short distance north of the Black Hills, South Dakota, has developed into what is believed to be the greatest artesian well on the American continent. This immense spouter now is running wild, and strenuous efforts are being made to control it. This must be done by capping it, which will be difficult.

When the flow of water was first struck it flowed at the rate of 50,000 barrels a day. Recent measurements show the flow is now more than 100,000 barrels a day. It is on a real rampage. The water is cutting deep fissures in the eighty-acre field, where the well is located, and the owner of the land fears the land will be ruined.

AMUNDSEN IN NOME ON WAY TO SEATTLE.

Roald Amundsen, the explorer, whose ship, the *Maude*, wintered off Cape Serge, Siberia, arrived in Nome June 18, and will leave for Seattle on the first steamer, he announced. The *Maude* lost a propeller in the ice during the winter and will be towed to Seattle this summer for repairs.

The explorer, noted for his discovery of the South Pole and his many Arctic and Antarctic voyages said he would continue his efforts to reach the North Pole by drifting with Arctic ice floes as soon as repairs to his vessel were completed. He spent the winter on board the *Maude*, with one native and three white companions, and said the party experienced few hardships. With the explorer were the daughter of Charles Carpenter, a Siberian trader, and a Chuchuk Eskimo girl, whom he will send to school in Norway.

TELLS OF TREASURE CAVE.

Application has been made to the Mexican Government by Adam Fisher of San Antonio, Tex., for a concession to remove gold and silver bars and Spanish silver dollars to the value of approximately \$72,000,000 from a cave, situated in Saddle Mountain, which overlooks Monterey.

Fisher says he discovered this hidden treasure recently after a search which covered several years. He asserts that he was led to take up the search by the discovery of an ancient document among the Government archives at Saltillo, which showed that in 1810 a great fortune in gold and silver was hidden in Cavallo Blanco by Government officials during a revolution.

Fisher says he counted the bullion and money when he discovered the hoard, and it consisted of 8,646 gold bars, 4,560 silver bars and 7,500,000 octagonal Spanish silver pieces.

OPERATOR BLIND.

Eighteen years ago Harry K. Ronne, telegraph operator, Lushton, Neb., went blind as the result of paralysis of the optic nerve, and later lost the use of his lower limbs. Determined not to be a charge upon the community he attended the State Institute for the Blind, and since then has married a girl whom he has never seen, and is the father of a six-year-old son.

At the present time he is in charge of the local exchange of the Lincoln Telephone Company. He is pronounced one of the best operators in the company's employ. Under the direction of his wife he learned the mysteries of the switchboard. He operates it by sound entirely. His sense of hearing is so acute that he can distinguish between the rings of all of the several hundred subscribers, the buzzes and other sounds, and seldom makes an error. He does the work as rapidly as a person with sight.

His wife attends to the commercial affairs of the office.

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Chased By Wolves.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

"Tell us a story, grandpa."

It was a youngster who spoke, and as the words fell from his lips he came forward with a chair and seated himself by the side of a little old man, with a kind expression, whose hair and beard were of snowy whiteness.

"Oh, yes, grandpa; please do," cried two or three flaxen-haired urchins, as they eagerly shoved their chairs up before the hearth. "Tell us about the bears and wolves, that used to be so numerous when you and grandma first moved into the big woods."

"No, grandpa; tell us about the panther that you shot in the alder thicket," put in a black-eyed boy of some twelve years. "I think that story's just boss."

"I think the story about the old Indian man is the best," said a kind little girl of some ten summers, as she placed her hand upon the aged man's knee and looked up into his face. "You'll tell us that one, won't you, grandpa?"

The old man arose and placed a couple of sticks of wood on the fire in the good old New England fireplace, and then went to the front window and gazed forth into the darkness. It was a night of storm and gloom, and the howling wind shook the windows spitefully.

"Well, boys and girls," said he, coming back and resuming his seat, "to-night carries my mind back to the time when we passed such a terrible night in the forest."

Little Mary climbed up into the old man's lap, and with an anxious group of young listeners around him, he told the story.

"We had been in the wilderness nearly three years, and we had a good log house, a log barn, or rather a hovel, as we called it, and a clearing of some twenty acres. One afternoon in mid-winter, father requested me and James to go over to neighbor Belcher's and get a quarter of venison that he had left there the day before. 'And mind you, boys,' he said, 'you must be back before sundown. This is imperative.'

"We promised obedience, and with light hearts hurried away.

"The distance to Mr. Belcher's was about two miles, over a rough log-road, and nearly all the way through the woods. But to hardy frontier boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age this was nothing; and at an early hour we arrived at Belcher's cabin, where we were kindly received by the family, and soon engaged in sport with the Belcher boys, riding down hill, chasing each other across the lots, and visiting their traps and snares.

"Time passed rapidly as it always does in such times, and in the fullness of our joys we thought not of returning until nearly night, when the loud roaring of the wind among the trees on the hill, and the angry whirling of a few feathery flakes of snow warned us of an approaching squall.

"Hurriedly we repaired to the house, and wrapping up the venison in a clean cloth that we had brought with us, we started homeward.

"'Boys,' said Mrs. Belcher, coming to the door, 'you had better stay with us to-night. It's going to snow, and the wolves may catch you in the dark before you get home.'

"'No, thank you, Mrs. Belcher,' said I. 'Father commanded us to be back before sunset, and it must be that time now. How thoughtless we have been that we did not start sooner.'

"'But it's dangerous, boys,' she expostulated. 'The wolves may devour you. Stay with us and start early in the morning.'

"She could not induce us to stay, however, for our guilty consciences were inwardly reproaching us for staying so long already.

"What would our kind parents say when night came on and we did not return?

"'Pshaw,' said James, who was some two years older than I, 'the wolves won't trouble us,' and without more words we started into a brisk trot.

"Already it was dusky in the thick woods, and soon the snow commenced to fall very fast.

"We had reached the top of a high wooded ridge, over which the path wound, and were plodding along, facing the storm blast, when a low, dismal howl greeted our ears from the swamp below.

"'Jim,' said I, 'that's a wolf, sure's the world. I don't know but that we'd have done better to have stayed at Mr. Belcher's.'

"Come on,' he returned. 'Who's going to be afraid of a wolf? They never attack anything unless there's a gang together, and we'll be home before they get congregated. We're most half way home now.'

"A few moments later the same dismal howl rang mournfully through the thick forest again.

"And this time an answering howl came up from the valley on the other side.

"Another moment and then a prolonged echo resounded behind us, and then another, and another, from the glen away beyond the swamp.

"A cold shudder ran through my quivering frame, and my panting breath seemed to come in fitful gasps.

"What would become of us?

"We would be devoured by the wolves.

"Father, alarmed by our absence, would come to find us, and they would kill him, too.

"And mother and sister would mourn and starve and die alone in the wilderness.

"And it would all be on account of our wicked disobedience.

"The thought was withering, and it racked my very soul with mental agony.

"James snatched the venison from my arms, and we fled, like frightened deer, down the hill.

"As we neared the low ground the somber hemlocks shut out the little lingering light of day, and we could just discern the road.

"Louder and more fierce became the blood-curdling howls, as the cruel beasts gathered nearer about us, and we began to realize that a terrible moment was approaching.

"Suddenly a dark, tawny object dashed across the road directly before us.

"The dried twigs snapped, and the bushes rustled as it leaped to one side and sent forth a quick, hoarse growl, causing us to quake with terror.

"James threw down the venison, and, grasping

me hand, we sped along the road with all our might.

"A moment later such a commingled snarling and howling arose as I hope I may never hear again.

"They were fighting over the venison, and, now, if we would save our lives, we must do our utmost to escape during the few moments they would be engaged in devouring it.

"But ere we had proceeded a hundred rods they were coming again in swift pursuit.

"We were now running up hill, and we soon became so tired it seemed as though we must drop from exhaustion.

"Panting for breath, we staggered on.

"It seemed as though we should never get to the summit.

"We broke over the height at last, however, and as we commenced to descend, a bright light glimmered through the forest, like a brilliant lone star in the darkness.

"To us it was, indeed, a star of joy.

"It was the light from our own cabin windows, in the quiet little valley below.

"It raised in our desponding breasts a new ray of hope, and we darted on with renewed energy.

"The blinding snow dashed in our faces, and winter's frozen blast roared through the naked forest like a hurricane.

"The wolves were now close upon us again, and in a moment we might feel their sharp fangs pierce our flesh.

"We felt sure if we could reach the clearing they would pause in their pursuit, and then we should escape.

"By turning into a rough by-path, we could reach a corner of it within thirty or forty rods from where we were.

"It was the nearest point; though to reach it we would be obliged to cross a deep, rocky gully, through which ran a small turbulent stream of water.

"We did not stop to argue, but dashed down the steep decline, regardless of hurts and bruises, and soon reached the creek.

"As we scrambled up the opposite bank, we heard three or four of the savage brutes crossing the creek behind us, and by the time we had reached the top they were upon us.

"James hurriedly drew off his coat, and threw it down into the gulch.

"My goodness! What a fearful noise ensued, as they leaped upon the tattered garment and tore it to shreds.

"But it occupied their attention only for a moment, and then they came on again.

"We threw our hats behind us, but they did not stop them at all.

"A huge gray wolf, uttering an angry snarl, leaped over my shoulder, his sharp teeth snapping close to my ear as he went past.

The next moment he leaped to one side, snapping savagely at my legs, and fastening upon my coat, tore off the skirts in an instant.

"I screamed with pain as another leaped past him, biting his hand as he went, and at the same instant I received a sharp bite on my leg.

"Suddenly there came a blinding flash, almost directly in our faces, and the stunning report of the old continental musket awoke the echoes of the gloomy forest.

"Father had come to the rescue.

"The sound of the musket, at that moment, was more joyful to our ears than the sweetest strains of music.

"The wolves vanished from before us as if by magic, and their loud, unearthly yells immediately ceased.

"'Run, boys, run for your lives,' father called out in a clear tone of voice. 'They will certainly kill you if they overtake you.'

"Aye; we knew it, and we bounded forward.

"As we entered the clearing our courage rose, and we flitted past past the blackened stumps with the speed of the frightened fawn.

"We could hear the furious animals collecting again on the edge of the clearing, and we knew we could not trust them.

"Dashing up to the house, we excitedly called out between our panting breath:

"'Open the door, mother!'

"The door swung back on its wooden hinges, and we staggered in and sank upon the floor before the hearth, bleeding and exhausted.

"Father followed close behind us, and raising us to our feet, kindly inquired if we were badly hurt.

"Our wounds were not serious, and after they had been carefully dressed, and we had become somewhat rested, supper was prepared.

"We sat around the board, but we did not eat anything that night.

"Our systems had been too much shocked by the ordeal we had passed through, and we had no appetite.

"Father had been to the saw-mill after we went away, and did not come home until dark.

"He heard the wolves as he came home, and on ascertaining that we had not arrived, he rightly guessed what they were making such a din about.

"Without saying a word to further excite mother's fears, he snatched his gun from the hooks and rushed forth to meet us.

"The result is already known.

"All night long the storm raged with unabated fury, and the wolves howled and snarled incessantly around the edge of the clearing, and even at times came around the house and barn.

"Old Tige would start up from his corner every now and then, rattling his chain and growling, and all thoughts of sleep was banished from the household.

"The morning at length dawned, clear and beautiful, and with the rising of the sun all cause of alarm passed away; though it was nearly a week before we recovered sufficiently to be able to go into the woods again to work.

"Father did not say a word to us about our disobedience then, but the wolves had taught us a bitter lesson, and one long to be remembered.

"We had tasted the retributive fruits of disobedience, and from that hour we were more careful to obey a kind father's commands."

"Mabel always said she would never marry any but a professional man." "And has she fulfilled her desire?" "Yes; her husband is Professor Thiddleton. He has an educated goat and a trained monkey that he exhibits on the stage."

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CONSCIENCE TROUBLED HER.

Because she "cheated" the weighing machine in the Union Pacific Depot, Junction City, Kan., out of a penny more than a year ago, the conscience of an Abilene woman has been bothering her ever since, according to a letter received by G. W. Mills, the company's agent here. In her letter the woman stated that more than a year ago she and her daughter placed a penny in the weighing machine, and after it had registered her weight, and before she stepped from the machine, the mother stepped on also and was weighed free. This worried her so much that she inclosed a stamp in the letter and asked Mr. Mills to place a penny in the weighing machine, thus easing her conscience.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.

One of the most wonderful caves in the world is in eastern Kentucky. Unexplored and almost unknown, its grandeur has been seen by few. The cave is in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, on the line of the Fort Creek headquarters. Two or three exploring parties have ventured into the maze of the vast subterranean passageways, but none has ever reached the end. The searchers report passageways, rooms and chambers innumerable, and transparent stalactitic columns of great beauty. One room has a floor as level and as smooth as a dance hall. Others have fathomless pits. Evidently human beings have visited the cave before only to lose their lives trying to find their way out, for old kettles, parts of dishes, rotted lanterns and other utensils were discovered. The cave will be penetrated farther by exploring parties.

A PARADISE FOR ANIMALS.

Pierre Loti, in his book on India, repeatedly describes the fearlessness of animals in that country. He says: "My room was never closed, neither during the day nor the night, and the birds of the air made their home with me; sparrows walked on the mats that covered the floor, without even heeding my presence, and little squirrels, after an inquiring gaze, came in too, and ran over the furniture, and one morning I saw the crows perched on the corner of my mosquito net."

Describing the enchanted wood of Oodeypore, with wild boars, monkeys, and a number of birds, flights of turtle-doves, and droves of parrots, he says: "Flocks of superb peacocks strut up and down among the dead trees, running with outstretched tails, the wonderous sheen of which looks like a spirit of green and incandescent metal. All these animals are free and unrestrained, yet their demeanor is not that of wild animals and birds, for in these lands, where they are never slain by man, the idea of flight does not animate them as it does at home."

This respect for animal life is not confined to the Buddhists of Jains, the sentiment is of much more ancient origin. Pierre Loti tells us that the horrors of death and slaughter, the sickening display of carcasses of animals are nowhere to be seen, for the people of Brahma do not eat anything that has ever lived. "In the place of such exhibitions, we see heaps of roses plucked from their stems, which are used in the making of essences, or simply to be woven into necklaces."

LAUGHS

A well-dressed woman paused in front of the chestnut vender's stand. "Are they wormy?" she asked. "No, ma'am," he answered, blandly. "Did you want them with worms?"

The Lady—How much milk does the old cow give a day, Tom? Tom—About eight quarts, ma'am. **The Lady**—And how much of that do you sell? Tom—About twelve quarts, ma'am.

Mrs. Proudman—Our Willy got "meritorious commendation" at school last week. **Mrs. O'Bull**—Well, well! Ain't it awful the number of strange diseases that's ketched by school children?

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful heiress. "But has he promised to work for you?" her father asked. "Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."

Mrs. Jones—Fancy! Mrs. Bangs threw a saucepan at her husband because he sat on her new hat. I could never do a thing like that. **Mr. Jones**—Ah, no! Because you love me so dearly, eh, pet? **Mrs. Jones**—Y-es. Besides, I haven't a new hat!

"See here, Mr. Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat isn't worth \$8." "O'i'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law," and producing a book, he read the following passage: "All property abutting on Front street should be taxed at the rate of \$3 per foot."

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock broker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations. "Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't you let him deceive you. There ain't no such stock on the market."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN ENGLAND FOR SALE.

Who wants to buy Mount Snowdon, which is the highest mountain in the British Isles? It is now listed for sale by its owner, Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley. Sir Rickard is probably the largest land owner in Wales.

BIG RATTLESNAKE KILLED.

Lewis H. Weed, game protector of Walker Valley, has killed a rattlesnake at Glenspey, Sullivan county, N. Y., measuring four feet and four inches, with thirteen rattles. Inside the rattler was found a chipmunk.

Old residents say this is the largest rattler killed in Sullivan county in fifteen years.

REMEMBERED IN HIS WILL.

Robert Smith, a Boston fish-peddler, when a schoolboy in Dublin, Ireland, thirty years ago, committed Hamlet's soliloquy to memory and recited it for his uncle. The latter was so well pleased that he told the lad he would remember him in his will. The uncle died a few days ago, and advices just received by Smith indicate that he is heir to an estate valued at \$200,000. On receipt of the news Mr. Smith dumped his fish cart over the edge of the "T" wharf and announced that he would leave on the first train for San Francisco, where his sister resides. He will share his legacy with her.

INDIANS GO TO SEA IN CANOE.

Newell Tomah and Johnnie Ranco of the Penobscot tribe of Indians left the reservation at Indian Island, twelve miles up the river from Bangor, Monday, June 8, on their 300-mile voyage in a birch canoe to Plymouth, Mass., to take part in the Pilgrim Tercentenary. Their departure was made the occasion of a great demonstration. Gov. Nichalos Soloman and other officials of the tribe, with hundreds of braves and squaws in native costume, and the Indian Island brass band, joining in the ceremonies.

The voyagers made a quick run to Bangor, carrying around six falls, and after an exhibition of fancy and fast paddling in the river proceeded on their way to sea. They expected to clear Penobscot Bay June 8, and if good weather holds to reach Plymouth within a week. They will hug the coast closely, making harbor every night. They go in full regalia of buckskin, beads, paint and feathers.

FIRST U. S. SOLDIERS KILLED IN WAR NAMED.

A statement authorized by the War Department to-day announces that the first American soldier killed in battle during the World War met their fate Nov. 3, 1917. They were Corp. James B. Gresham, Evansville, Ind.; Private Thomas F. Enright, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Private Merle D. Hay, Glidden, Ia., all of Company F, 10th Infantry, 1st Division.

Articles which have been published concerning

the first Americans killed in the war have not agreed as to the time, place or identity of the men. Neither has there been agreement as to the date on which the first American troops entered the fighting line.

On a monument erected at Bathlemon, Lorraine, by the people of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, is an inscription containing the names of the three soldiers mentioned above, and states they "were killed in view of the enemy on the 3d of November, 1917."

The War Department records show that the first division of the A. E. F. entered the line in the Somerville sector in Lorraine on the night of Oct. 21, 1917.

A CAT'S RIDE.

If any one doubts that cats have nine lives, he will no longer do so after reading what happened to a Huntington, Neb., kitten. The story is vouched for by reliable witnesses and told by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. A kitten at the Great Northern Mills climbed into the inside rim of the big flywheel and fell asleep. The engineer did not notice the kitten when he started the engine in the morning, and for nine consecutive hours the little creature, held in its perilous position by centrifugal force, was whirled around and around on the giant flywheel at the rate of 90 revolutions a minute. It was still alive when evening came and the engine was stopped for the night. The kitten traversed the circumference of the wheel 48,600 times at lightning speed. Although alive, the kitten was in a stunned condition and was unable to stand on its feet, but a little nursing on the part of the millmen revived it, and it is now as well as ever.

POLAR SHIP LAUNCHED.

The schooner Bowdoin, built to carry Donald B. MacMillan, the explorer, on the next Arctic voyage starting in July, was launched at noon April 9 from the shipyard of Hogdon Brothers, East Boothbay, Me. She was christened with roses by Miss May Fogg of Freeport, a neice of the explorer.

In design and construction the Bowdoin embodies all elements of special provisions for the work ahead of her suggested by the long experience of MacMillan. Her hull is egg-shaped, with nothing to which ice can cling. Under sufficient pressure from the ice floes the Bowdoin, instead of being crushed, should lift out of the water and be carried along with the pack.

The Bowdoin is 80 feet 10 inches in length; 19 feet 7 inches beam and 9 feet 6 inches draught, with a total displacement of 115 tons. She is of the knockabout auxiliary schooner type, equipped with a 45 horse power crude oil burning engine.

The expedition is planned to cover two years, but may be prolonged. MacMillan's plans include also either a return by the strait or the circumnavigation of Baffin Land after exploring a stretch of 1,000 miles of its western shore, on which it is believed no white man has ever set foot.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

DROVE WEASEL OUT OF TREE.

As Calvin Waldron and friends were walking along the mountainside at Conyngham, Pa., they spied a full-grown weasel up a tree. While two of them threw stones at the animal Waldron stood guard at the bottom, and when the weasel came down he captured it alive.

45,000 BARRELS OF POTATOES USED AS FERTILIZER IN MAINE.

Farmers in Southern Aroostook County, Maine, recently dumped approximately 45,000 barrels of potatoes in their fields, where they will be plowed in to serve as fertilizer.

Aroostook producers were caught with a large surplus as a result of a falling market, which reduced the price from \$3 a barrel early in the season to 40 cents a barrel to-day. In the northern part of the county starch factories took care of the surplus.

FLATIRON BUILDING ONLY A NICKNAME.

Ask a New Yorker where the Flatiron Building is and he will readily tell you. Thousands of persons who have never been to New York also know the building well by reputation. But inquire about the Fuller Building and there are few in the city able to locate it. They are one and the same.

On account of its peculiar shape the structure was popularly called the Flatiron Building when it was put up and it became nationally known under that name.

ART OF TATTOOING STILL SURVIVES.

Tattooing, that very apparent means of proclaiming one's love for the briny deep, is a form of adornment ancient, and in ancient times most honorable. The Polynesians are known to have been adepts in the art, and from that time to this there have been always been people who have been attracted to this form of beauty, which assuredly is only skin deep. The decorations have taken all sorts of forms, from the plain black and white work to that in the most variegated colorings, to say nothing of the method of "gash" tat-

tooing, which consists of cutting deep gashes in the desired design, filling them with clay and then letting them remain as a sort of cameo on the flesh.

Local mariners who believe that tattooing is a sign of having visited the countries wherein it is most generally practiced may be surprised to learn that right here in the center of the banking, industrial and commercial world one may be tattooed to his heart's content. In addition he may smell the salt water and the strange fruits and spices from many a foreign land. Coenties Slip, New York, street with the romantic name, boasts a barber shop which has in attendance an expert tattooer.

GRASSHOPPERS IN ICE.

Standing in Daisy Pass the traveler is at the threshold of some of the most interesting wonderlands of the Beartooth, writes A. H. Cerhart in the *American Forestry Magazine* in an article on "The Land of the Beartooth." Perhaps the most curious glacier in the world is found here. Indeed it can claim distinction on its unique feature which would make it unusual scenic value among many glaciers.

It is the Grasshopper Glacier and in its ice it carries thousands of grasshoppers preserved in freezing condition for many, many years and of a species that are now extinct.

The grasshoppers that have been preserved in this curious manner are of a species that were migratory in habit. It is believed that centuries ago, before white men came to this continent, a vase horde of these insects were bivouacking over the mountains at a high altitude when they encountered a severely cold air current.

The low temperature killed the grasshoppers or drove them to an alighting place and they were caught in the ice and snow of the glacier. The glacier with three smaller ones lies in a huge semicircle extending from the north and east edge of Sawtooth Peak to Granite Peak, making a continuous stretch of ice over three miles in length. The best time to visit the glacier is late in August.

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FOUND BURIED MONEY.

Mrs. Daniel Loy, a widow, in Eaton, O., near Richmond, Ind., is \$1,600 richer through the curiosity of Mrs. A. L. Harris, wife of a former Governor of Ohio. Mrs. Harris, a neighbor, entered the Loy cellar to get an article of food for Mrs. Loy, who is ill. Buried under a mass of rubbish she found several fruit jars filled with \$1,600 in currency.

"VENICE OF
SOUTH SEAS"
SHOWS IM-
POSING RUINS

Having discovered ruins on the Nomatol Peninsula of Ponape Island (one of the Caroline group seized by Japan early in the war) indicating that there was a Japanese settlement several centuries ago, an expedition of Japanese scientists and public officials returned recently to Tokio.

"The ruins of Nomatol," one of its members reports were employed to erect the gigantic buildings at a time when no other houses were built of stone within a radius of several hundred miles.

"As the natives there live in miserable bamboo huts, the large and imposing ruins show that people of a different race lived there in the past.

The ruined walls are six feet thick and twenty feet high. The front walls are made of very large volcanic rocks. The ruins are about 1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide. The ground within the walls, where formerly gardens and courtyards were, is now covered with seawater."

The ruins are called "Venice of the South Seas."

TOBACCO Or SNUFF HABIT Cured or NO PAY

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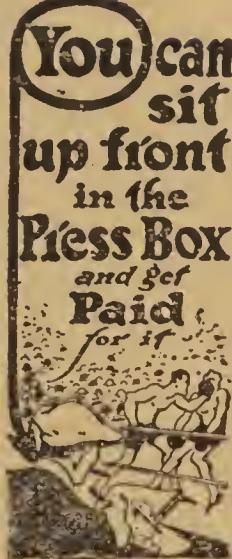
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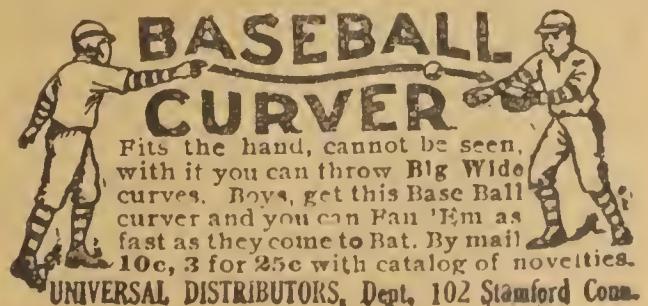
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New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asserted would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."



Photo when bald.

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald

as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users,



Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.

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FOR FALLING HAIR
BALDNESS, DANDRUFF

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upon genuine merit. Buy a box of KOTALKO at the drug store. Or ask for Kotalko at the toilet goods or drug counter of any large department store. Remember the name. Accept nothing else as "just as good." \$300.00 GUARANTEE. Or if you send 10 cents (silver or stamps), you will receive a PROOF BOX of Kotalko with BROCHURE, postpaid. Determine NOW to eliminate DANDRUFF, to treat BALDNESS, to STOP HAIR FROM FALLING. Get a box of guaranteed KOTALKO, apply once or twice daily; watch in your mirror. For PROOF BOX (10 cents, none otherwise) write to

KOTALKO OFFICES, BA-375, Station X, New York

A SEA MYSTERY

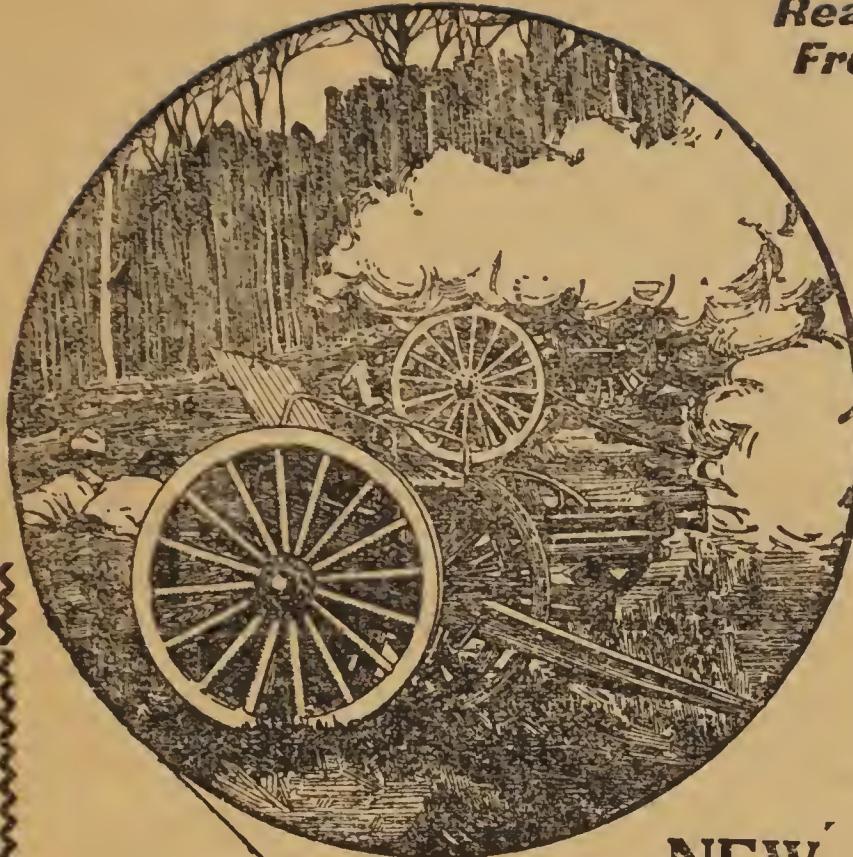
Wreckage of a large sailing vessel, together with remnants of women's clothing not more than a year old, lie on the island of Secorro, 400 miles west of Manzanillo, according to Capt. R. E. Voeth, who has arrived at San Francisco aboard the steamer *San Juan*. Captain Voeth, who is returning from a two months' cruise among the islands off the Mexican coast, told of finding the wreck while searching for fresh water. Unmistakable signs showed that survivors had lived there for a time, he said, rude shelters having been erected and holes dug in the sand in an effort to find water.

There is no water on Secorro, Capt. Voeth declared. Pieces of clothing and a woman's shoe were in one of the shelters, he said, but of the survivors he could find no trace. On the other side of the island was a ship's life boat bearing the word "Polar," the boat apparently having been on the beach longer than the wreck. Capt. Voeth stated that he could find no record made by either American or Mexican authorities of any vessel having been lost recently in those waters or of any shipwrecked persons having been picked up.

WHAT TO DO
WHEN A
SNAKE BITES
YOU

Immediately after a person has been bitten by a poisonous snake, writes Dr. C. C. Graves, who has practised medicine in the tropics for many years, in the Indianapolis Medical Journal, the bitten limb should be surrounded by a tightly drawn bandage or handkerchief, as close to the bite as possible and between the trunk and the wound. The wound made by the fangs of the snake should then be freely incised with a knife and sucked. There is no danger in sucking the wound if there are no cracks or sores in the mouth or on the tongue. Do not cauterize the wounds. Do not administer alcohol in any form or ammonia internally.

The bitten person should now be removed to the nearest hospital and given anti-venomous serum. This serum is a scientifically proved remedy, and to be effective must be used early, say within the first few hours after being bitten. It is the endeavor to keep a supply of this specific serum in each hospital so that all bitten persons may receive proper treatment.



**A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home,"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made
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From Happy Boys:**

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

**Sold His for \$10.00
and Ordered Another**

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehcreth, Mandan, N. Dak.

**Would Not Give Away
for \$25.00**

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bresky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

**Better Than a \$12.00
Machine**

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



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